

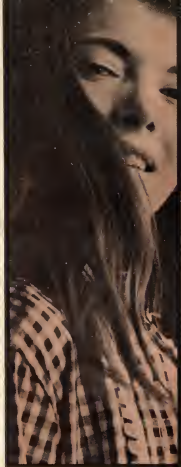
Q&A

BY JENNIFER B. JOY | LILLIAN HARRIS | AND JEFFREY MAYER

SPECIAL THIS ISSUE: **WOLF BACCHUS PHOTO CLAMOR**



EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW:
HOW TO
TURN IT
EASTMEETS
WEST
BY JEFFREY



GENT

VOL. 7, NO. 5, JUNE, 1963

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- 4 GAIN HIGH _____ *music* _____
- 5 LETTERS . . . WE GET LETTERS _____ *correspondence* _____
- 6 ON THE CUFF _____ *editorial* _____
- 7 HAY IN THE MARKET _____ *shopping* _____
- 8 THE PARISIAN PURGATORY OF ISABEL SMYTHE _____ *fiction* _____ Thomas M. Livingston
- 11 I WAS A CAPITALIST FOR THE MVD _____ *humor* _____ Walter Henry Nelson
- 14 MOONLIGHT RENDEZVOUS _____ *fiction* _____ Marvin Lewis
- 17 HELEN _____ *pictorial essay* _____
- 21 LEERY LIMERICKS _____ *humor* _____ Larry Eisenberg and George Gordon
- 22 AN ABOMINABLE SNOW JOB _____ *humor* _____ John Novotny
- 25 A DATE WITH THE WINNER _____ *fiction* _____ R. V. Cossill
- 28 LYSISTRATA JONES _____ *satire* _____ Raymond A. Hortley
- 34 DOLCE FEETA _____ *fashions* _____
- 37 BASEBALL'S BELINSKY: BO OR BEAU? _____ *interview* _____ Bill Libby
- 40 INDIAN SUMMER _____ *pictorial essay* _____
- 47 DEAR STAY-AT-HOME _____ *pictorial essay* _____
- 57 HOW TO MAKE A MERMAID _____ *pictorial essay* _____
- 60 GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY IN HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA _____ *fiction* _____ Ken Kolb
- 64 SANG-FROID _____ *pictorial essay* _____
- 75 SON OF CHANNEL X, WHERE ARE YOU? _____ *humor* _____ Chuck Middlestadt
- 77 THE POLITICS OF PASSION ON THE POTOMAC _____ *humor* _____ Bob Abel & Mort Gerberg

AN APPROACH TO RELAXATION

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No one is quite sure how long "Bluegrass" music existed in the Southern Appalachian Mountains before it was brought north, after World War II, by connoisseurs and college students. It has, however, ridden high on the crest of the recent flood of folk music, and Bluegrass LPs are now pouring off the presses in prodigious numbers.

This month's selection offers a fairly representative variety. Mac Wiseman, in the best of several releases, sings **Bluegrass Favorites** (Capitol 1800 s) with a talented bunch of hillbillies. Wiseman was an original member of the well-known Foggy Mountain Boys. If you've yet to buy your first Bluegrass record, this one is a good initiation.

So is Capitol 1799 s, on which Rose Maddox **Sings Bluegrass**. Miss Maddox was the distaff member of the Maddox Brothers and Rose, another well-known group. She has collected her own accompanists for this disc, and they blend well with her twangy, nasal singing style.

Raise a Ruckus (Riverside 97535) is a little more pure in conception than the Wiseman and Maddox records, probably because four of the five Lonesome River Boys who recorded it are city born and bred. City-billies tend either to exalt or avoid the clichés of country music—they never quite take them in stride—and the result is often somewhat esoteric; and a little less colorful than the native product.

The Green River Boys and Glen Campbell, on the other hand, fairly reek of molasses, and their performances on **Big Bluegrass Special** (Capitol 1810 s) are so sentimental, corny and commercial that you'll probably enjoy the platter—at least, if it's your first. Stay away from the purists until the country sorghum begins to turn your stomach . . . as it most assuredly will.

Another interesting outgrowth of the folk music craze is the

number of "schools" emanating from different cities. One of the most fascinating calls Boston its home. Joan Baez is the unquestioned leader—by virtue of talent and, certainly, popularity—of this school, but many of her lesser known colleagues deserve attention. One of them, a young man with a quiet but confident approach to his songs and a relaxed guitar style, makes his record debut on Vanguard (9110). **Jackie Washington** performs a variety of rarely done songs, all sung with style, feeling and understanding.



The dean of American folk music, Pete Seeger, made his newest record at Greenwich Village's Bitter End, a small cafe that is becoming more and more the downtown (N.Y.) showcase for quality entertainment. Seeger does a varied program, including topical songs like "We Shall Overcome" (theme song of the integration movement) and "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" (a tender and ironic antiwar tune); several old standards, like "Barbara Allen" and "Juanita," are also present. (**The Bitter and the Sweet**, Columbia 8716 s).

Some of the warmest, most relaxing short pieces in the classical genre have been recorded in Vanguard's **Notturmo** (2126 s). I Solisti di Zagreb, Antonio Janigro conducting, play, and the selections include light music by Pergolesi, Mozart, Sibelius, Respighi, Vaughan Williams and Barber. This is mood music as mood music **should** sound!

Why don't all jazz quintets sound like the Paul Horn Quintet? The simplest, though hardly the only, explanation is that Horn, with a talent approaching genius, avoids all the clichés of the current small combo scene. Different instruments, like Horn's flute and Emil Richards' vibes, tell part of the story, as do Horn's imaginative distortions of conventional rhythms. Actually, we should ask, "Why doesn't Horn's quintet sound like all others?" You can find out for yourself on his latest record, **Profile of a Jazz Musician** (Columbia 8722 s).

A collection of **Moonbeams** has been recorded by the Bill Evans Trio (Riverside 428). The music is jumping, but only as moonbeams jump, in a light, delicate and ethereal way. Ably assisting Evans' tinkling piano playing are Chuck Israels on bass and Paul Motian, drums.

In Brief: Shorty Rogers defies the metrics of jazz by playing a number of waltzes **a la style hot**. Right interesting to hear "Green-sleeves" with a jumping approach. Reprise calls it **Jazz Waltz** (6060) . . . Joe Sullivan, one of the stalwarts of jazz piano, recorded in 1962 several of his own compositions together with a few standards. These have finally been issued as **Little Rock Getaway** (Riverside 158) . . . **Full House** is guitarist Wes Montgomery's best yet (Riverside 434).

A swinging cover (by Rubens) and a good, conventional performance characterize the newest recording of Purcell's **Dido & Aeneas** (L'Oiseau-Lyre 60047 s) . . . Yehudi Menuhin makes another welcome contribution to the Angel catalogue with his interpretation of **Six Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord** by J. S. Bach (3629B s). Accompanists are George Malcolm, harpsichord, and Ambrose Gauntlett, viola da gamba . . . One of Brahms' late compositions, and one that is rarely performed, is **A German Requiem**. This (turn to page 6)



LETTERS... WE GET LETTERS



Dear Gent:

I don't ordinarily do this, but congratulations on your publication of this "class" man's magazine! In your December issue, I especially enjoyed two items. The first was the satire "Wasteland Witchdoctors" by Bob Elliott, closely followed by a very humorous "Channel X, Where are You?" by Chuck Mittlestadt. Surely would like to see more in future issues.

Lowell G. Joerg
Fairmont, Minn.

Ed. Chuck Mittlestadt, where are you? On page 75 of this issue, that's where!

Dear Gent:

My roommate and myself seldom miss *Gent* magazine and want to compliment you on the December issue. We've always liked the girls of *Gent*, but the latest issue had some other improvements which we like. Nat Hentoff for one. We've followed him for years on the jazz scene and think he's a nice addition. Then the satire on television by Chuck Mittlestadt is something that should be continued. Crazy wild stuff. Keep up the good work.

Jack Klinoff
Dale Rosenquist
Washington, D. C.

Dear Gent:

I am writing this letter in connection with the December edition. I was very impressed by the model pictured on both front and back covers. After extensive inspection I was greatly disappointed to find no further mention of her in word or picture. Because of my deep impression, I would appreciate any information you might give me.

Barry McKnight
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Ed. For Barry and the panting hordes of other readers who asked the same question—honest, fellows, all we can tell you is that she walked into the office one day and started peeling out of that fleecy sweater. Our cameraman just happened to be handy. But you keep on hoping that she'll show up again—and so will we.

Dear Gent:

I'm very interested in your *Gent's* October kitten, Michele Baird. She is a very attractive and beautiful young lady; the type of girl I would like to meet, know, and even marry. I believe I meet the qualifications she specified in the kind of man she would like to have. Please send me her full name and address, so that I may write to her.

Robert C. Hetherington, Jr.
Port Charlotte, Fla.

Ed. In case you hadn't noticed, we're not running a marriage bureau here—anything but. Besides, last time we were in Florida, we saw nothing wrong with the local talent. Maybe you better recheck your qualifications, son.

Dear Gent:

I bought the December issue and, at the moment, I became an admirer of your beautiful girls. Will you make me a favor? Why not treat your readers with a combination of a nude girl and a horse? Some suggestions: (a) a nude girl feeding a horse from her hands, (b) a "pretty thing" in pants only on horseback, or nothing below the waist, but an open blouse on the torso. I will buy this issue for sure.

Julio Zaqui
Washington, D. C.

Ed. This is the first letter we have ever received from a centaur. Frankly, Julio, we'd prefer to see our

"pretty things" on a bearskin, not a horsehide.

Dear Gent:

Maybe I won't see this in print but I'll have the satisfaction of offering comment on your great article "Exotica" by Carlton Brown (December *Gent*). In addition to its being a fountain of information on strippers, shows and schools for same, it's very educational to us at-home strippers. I say hurrah for Gypsy Rose Lee. Her idea of an Undressing Academy for wives is terrific and, above all, most logical. If more wives stripped for their mates they would definitely keep the home fires burning in the bedroom. My hubby, after almost a decade of married life, still appreciates the strip tease I do for him. The only difference between my strip and a pro's is the amount of clothing that remains after the act—in my case, not a stitch. No bluenose prude, my mate. We've seen exotics work in local pubs here in Milwaukee and they still bump and grind their way across a warped stage. Whatever school for strippers they attended lacked giving them the educational value of the charm and grace of female nudity. My advice to wives is: invest in a few good strip tease films, then practice, preferably in front of a mirror, then give the credit of benefits received to the great Gypsy Rose Lee and men like author Carlton Brown, who perk up our interest in this art. Thanks for a most informative article and a most entertaining mag for both my husband and this stripping wife.

Strippingly yours,
"Jaynie G-String"
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Ed. And all these years we thought it was beer that made Milwaukee famous!



The last time my maiden aunt in Deercroft, Ohio, sent me a long, thin, gaily-wrapped holiday package, I opened it with the usual sense of bored unanticipation. What an unexpected delight to find the usual tie, but in a shape, color and design I couldn't have chosen better myself.

I have the same feeling of treble joy, for its being unforeseen and unexpected, whenever I meet a woman billed as a body, and it develops that she has charm, graciousness and wit to match.

Such was the case when, several quiet afternoons ago, Monique Van Vooren stopped at the office for some coffee and chat. Monique, as any chronicler of the lives of sex symbols can tell you, started her career as a Belgian ice skater and came to this country ten years ago with bust high and legs kicking. My memory of her in those early years is one of shiny teeth and rampant décolletage at every supermarket opening and publicity shindig within reach of a camera lens.

Monique wrinkled her brow as she shrugged off those flashbulbs of yesteryear. "My reason for coming to America," she said, "was to publicize a movie I had made. But as soon as I stepped off the plane, there was only one question I was asked. Not, 'What is your name?' or 'Where do you come from?' but, 'What are your measurements?'"

Monique claims that, green as she was, she quickly grasped the advantages of the American fetish for figure statistics. "I saw that the numbers game could open a lot of doors for me. Not always the right doors, to be sure, and sometimes it was hard to get out of the room. But it did open doors."

Some of the doors her good looks opened include the Waldorf, the Roosevelt Hotel, the Palmer House and other top night spots. Some of these places have had her back as often as five times and, as Monique says, "You don't get return engagements just by flashing diamonds on a night club floor . . . or showing your breast sideways. You've got to do something else."

What she does is a singing and dancing act that has been highly praised in most of the organs of show business. At the same time, she tries to improve her grasp of English (it's one of her six languages — and it's almost perfect now) and those other attributes she feels are necessary to becoming a "whole" person.

Sometimes a great body trying to develop a mind to match can be as tiresome as a great mind prancing its nude presence before a mirror. Such, happily, is not the case with Monique. Neither the physical nor the mental overpowers you—or each other. Watch her perform next time you can—you'll be vastly entertained.

You may remember the ad in April *Gent*, announcing this magazine's sponsorship of vacation tours. The first will be to Puerto Rico, and we expect a sizeable number of *Gent* readers to sign up and help entertain the largely feminine population of San Juan's hotels. The tour price is quite reasonable, considering all the goodies we've included, so if you haven't sent in your application yet, drop me a note and I'll let you know what it's all about. Departure dates are set for May 29, July 27 and August 3.

Exactly one year ago, *The Gent* experienced a great privilege. In the June issue of 1962, we became the first American publication to publish the photography of the South African glamour genius, Sam Haskins. Since then his work has appeared frequently in *Gent* (and *Dude*)—most recently, the present (see pages 17-20).

I hope this taste of Haskins has whetted your appetite for more . . . and you'll be seeing lots more in upcoming issues of *The Gent*. In the meantime, if you can't wait, find yourself a copy of Haskins' new book, *Five Girls* (Crown: \$10.00). The titled five are Gill, Anna, Helmi, Shirl and Bes, and they prance around prettily and provocatively for well over one hundred large size pages. Haskins'

work is tantalizingly original, and the layouts combine taste, beauty and imagination. There is no text in *Five Girls*—just pictures, gorgeous pictures, fantastic pictures . . . This could be the wisest saw-buck you ever invested.

Haskins is not the only June *Gent* contributor to turn out a book. At about the time you're reading this, R. V. Cassill's newest tome, *Pretty Leslie* (Simon & Schuster: \$4.95) will go on sale. Cassill, among his many other accomplishments, is the author of "A Date With the Winner," which starts on page 25 of this issue. According to advance reports, pretty Leslie Daniels, the wife of a doctor in a small, midwestern town, makes sprite-like contact with a representative selection of the natives, exposing her own and their foibles in fanciful and incisive fashion. Cassill's account of her "adventures" promises to be sensitive and sensual . . . even, perhaps, sensational.

That should be enough to keep you busy until the next issue of *The Gent* . . . n.l.

GAIN HIGH

(Continued from page 4)

choral work is most interesting because Brahms, not a religious man, used few of the overt symbols of holiness in it; yet a spiritual feeling is strongly implicit throughout. An excellent new recording, by Klemperer and the Philharmonia Orchestra, with Schwarzkopf and Fischer-Dieskau performing the solos, is available on Angel 3624.

Two fascinating wind works by Mozart and Telemann have been recorded by I Solisti di Zagreb on *The Virtuoso Flute* (Bach Guild 5048 s) . . . and a magnificent *Magnificat in D Major* (Bach) has been produced by Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic (Columbia 6375 s).

That rowdy Irish foursome, the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, have called their newest record *The Boys Won't Leave the Girls Alone* (Columbia 8709 s).



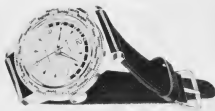
hay in the market

strictly for fillies



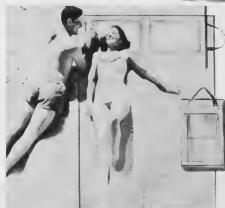
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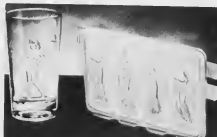
eyeball golf ball

Don't depend on fizz water to put life into your refreshments. Now you can chill your drinks and fire up your frigid guests with ice cubes shaped in your favorite form — only there's nothing cubed, or even square, about these curvy icers. These novel party primers come in groups of eight nudes to a tray. One sip and your companion of the evening will get the idea\$1.95

hot ice

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beach balloon



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THE PARISIAN PURGATORY OF ISABEL SMYTHE

Paris, proverbially, is where good Americans go when they die. But when they're alive...?

...or almost?

fiction by Thomas M. Livingston

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE MOCNIAK

Miss Smythe was sure he was the same one, the one of whom she had asked directions only that morning. She pulled together her courage and marched to where he was standing, looking up toward the Tuileries. □ "I'm so very sorry to bother you again," she said and gave him her best smile. □ He looked down at her without expression. She felt the fright returning, the fright of being completely alone in a city where she had heard everyone spoke English but so few did. □ "What I mean to say is . . . but you *are* the (turn over)





young man who gave me directions this morning, aren't you? The young man from London?"

"I'm American," he said softly, his eyes taking in all of Miss Smythe, so she felt a slight chill in the afternoon heat.

"Oh, but you speak English," Miss Smythe bubbled. "I've just been here seeing the Louvre. The young man from London told me where it was this morning, and I've been here all day. Isn't it thrilling?"

"Yes," the young man said in the same quiet tone. "It's thrilling."

"And have you been to see the Louvre?" Miss Smythe asked, knowing she was making a fool of herself, but wanting to hang on to someone, anyone, who could talk to her in her own language.

The young man lit a cigarette. "Yeah," he said. "I've been to see the Louvre, lady. That's why I'm standing here on the steps of it."

"But of course," Miss Smythe said desperately. "How silly of me. Isn't Paris lovely? Have you been here a long time? I just got here last night. I'm from Boise, Boise, Idaho. Where are you from? Not Boise. Wouldn't that be a coincidence if you were from Boise, too?" Miss Smythe felt her control sliding. Paris wasn't lovely. Here she'd been dreaming of coming to Paris all her life, and it was simply horrid, with no one to talk to.

For the first time, Miss Smythe saw an expression in the young man's eyes. Disbelief. Maybe he doesn't believe I'm from Boise, she thought.

The young man ground out the cigarette with his foot.

"Holy," he said. "Holy hell."

"Oh, yes," Miss Smythe said quickly, feeling she was about to cry. "I want to go to the Left Bank. I want to see all the painters who paint along the Seine."

The young man stared at her.

"But I don't know where the Left Bank is," she said, biting her lip, thinking this young man was horrid just like all of Paris.

"I don't even know where the Seine is," she almost wailed, groping in her purse and nearly dropping the *fillet*, the woven French shopping bag she held in her other hand. "But I have a map."

The young man sighed deeply.

"Lady," he said. "The Seine is right behind this building. I'll show you where it is."

"How kind," Miss Smythe said, thinking what a fine young man he was after all, unlike all the horrid other people in Paris who wouldn't talk to her.

They walked down the steps of the Louvre and turned left. He walked easily, his hips swinging in a loose gait that Miss Smythe thought a little vulgar.

"I suppose we should introduce ourselves," she said. "I mean in Boise we always introduce ourselves. I'm Isabel Smythe and I'm from Boise."

"Okay, Isabel," the young man said with a slight smile. "Just cool it."

"And your name?"

"Bernie," the young man said slowly. "Bernie Buffet."

"Buffet," Miss Smythe said. "My, isn't that a French name for an American?"

"Isn't it?" the young man said, indifferently.

"There's a French painter by that name, Buffet, I think," Miss Smythe said. "Are you related?"

"Only imaginatively."

"What do you do in Paris, Bernie? An artist, perhaps? Oh, I've wanted to meet an artist. Are you an artist?"

Bernie stopped and looked at her. "You really run off at the mouth, don't you?" he said.

"Run off?" Miss Smythe asked, smiling. "What does that mean, Bernie? Oh, Bernie. You say the strangest things. You haven't told me what you do yet."

"I make love," Bernie said. "I spend all my days and nights making love, except Sunday when I go to the Louvre."

"Oh, but seriously," Miss Smythe giggled, thinking what a free spirit the young man must be to talk that way.

"Here," Bernie said. "Here is a painter painting a picture of a houseboat on the Seine."

Miss Smythe looked over the artist's shoulder at the picture. It was a wild slashing of blues and oranges and whites. She could make out neither the houseboat nor the Seine.

"But it's lovely," Miss Smythe said. "Crazy," Bernie murmured. "It's real crazy. You going to buy it?"

"Not today," Miss Smythe said.

"What's the matter?" Bernie asked. "Don't you have any bread?"

"Bread?" said Miss Smythe. "Why would I want bread? Are they really so poor they trade their paintings for a piece of bread?"

Bernie looked at her a moment and then stroked his chin.

"Holy," he said. "I've never been to Boise, but . . . holy . . ."

"Oh, it's wonderful in Boise, Bernie," Miss Smythe said. "I've lived there all my life. Mr. Nelson, he's the principal, he says Boise is the finest little old city in the whole U.S.A. . . ."

"Principal?" Bernie said.

"You mean Mr. Nelson. Yes. I'm a school teacher, you see."

"And you've been saving all your life to come to Paris," Bernie said, suddenly taking her arm gently and leading her along the quai.

"Why, yes. How did you know?"

"I have insights now and then," Bernie said. "How much money do you have?"

"Why, Bernie," Miss Smythe said. "That's a very personal question."

"Let me carry your *fillet* for you," Bernie said. "What have you bought in Paris, Isabel? Perfume?"

"I'll show you, Bernie. I bought some Apache dancers." She pulled the brown paper bag with the dolls from the *fillet* and removed the dolls and then, because Bernie was a free spirit, because he was so unlike Mr. Nelson and the other men she knew, she said something that she would never have said in Boise. "The lady in the store pulled the girl dancer's blouse down to a point of indecency," she said. "I pulled it back up again."

"Like this?" Bernie asked, moving the black knit blouse down over the cotton breast with his thumb. "Like this, Isabel?"

"Oh, Bernie. You're just terrible," Miss Smythe said, unable to explain the slight throbbing she felt as she watched the slow movement of his thumb.

"The reason I asked you about the money," Bernie said, handing the Apache dancers back to Miss Smythe. "There're a lot of unscrupulous people here. You shouldn't carry too much in your purse."

"I cashed a hundred dollar American Express Traveler's Check today," Miss Smythe said. "But I've spent some. I don't understand this French money at all, do you, Bernie?"

"A little," Bernie said, yawning widely. "Let me see how much you have."

Miss Smythe looked at him a moment. She decided his face was honest; and after all, if not from Boise, he was still American. She

(turn to page 52)

COMES THE REVOLUTION, WILL BRAINSTORMING REPLACE BRAINWASHING?

Finally, after years of silence, I can speak of the double life I led. I was a capitalist for Russia's dread secret service, the MVD.

Actually, I was more a capitalist for Andrej Andreevitch Gobulkavoshchkin, my—you should pardon the expression—boss. I am a junior deputy creative copy activist in his Sub-ministry for Medium Size Home Appliances and Sundries. We'd been promoting a pretty snappy and diversified line of goods, but things were slipping. Our deep freezer line, Siberia, wasn't going over at all, despite Comrade Vanya's award-winning slogan, "Now you can enjoy Siberia!" Our detergent,

Heroic Peace Offensive, was criticized for its over-long name.

The grapevine said Andrej Andreevitch was miffed. We were all sunk in a beautiful Slavic gloom. Even so, we weren't happy. In Russia, when the freezers don't sell, you still stand a pretty good chance of being fired—at.

That was when this girl propagandist and the secret policeman came into my life. It had been one of those days again and I was having a Bloody Marina at the Men's Bar of the Hotel Solidarity across the street from the shop, hoping I might be able to pick up one of those beatnik stilyagi chicks who call themselves "Janes" from the Tarzan pictures. I don't

I WAS A
CAPITALIST
FOR THE
MVD



often go to this kind of a fancy bar, but it is good to get exposure where the big boys hang out. They see you're not only a Comrade, but a comer too.

Like I said, I was just having this drink when in comes this girl propagandist and the secret policeman. Men's Bar or not, we in Russia believe in absolute equality of the sexes and do not discriminate. In fact, it is often hard to tell them apart at first sight.

Immediately, I remembered the two of them. He, of course, is well known; he is the one who wasn't purged. She is the propagandist who won fame with her syndicated column, "One Woman's Moscow." It is hot copy in the provinces where it tells the Comrades the latest line on fashion, sex, etiquette, things like that. We had met a few years back, spending an

afternoon viewing the tractor exhibits in a Park of Culture.

"What we need, Comrade Ilya," she said to me now, "is someone who really knows how to sell! Our copywriters are strictly from Albania. No sock."

I was hurt, of course, but agreed, as it is best always to do. She pulled a Glorious Peace Offensive from her pack and lit it, inhaling deeply, and then studied the cigarette. I was studying her inhaling. A good healthy Russian girl, I noted with pride in my country. Built.

"See what I mean?" she said, looking at the pack. "The name's always the same. No imagination. Everyone plays it cozy since they moved Stalin's tomb. They think times have changed and we're ahead. Now, Comrades, I may be just spitballing like a silly little girl propagandist, but it seems to

humor

WALTER HENRY NELSON



me we need new techniques, new thinking, not only to push detergents and cigarettes, but the heroic peace offensive as well. Maybe if Ilya went to the USA? Undercover? Maybe he could pick up a few pointers?"

The secret policeman perked up at that. I could see he was enthusiastic deep down inside, though he never showed it too much; the only way you survive purges in his line of business is to play it real cool.

"Maybe yes, maybe no," he said. "I see what you mean and maybe you're right. Well, anyway, if Comrade Ilya goes, he can check on those advertisements I see in the American magazines: atomic toys, disintegrator ray guns, cosmic equalizers. We can use some new weapons."

You know how things are. Some of the biggest deals are

consummated over a vodka. It's the same way in the worker's "paradise." (Ha!)

I packed that night for a Madison Avenue orientation course at our training school. With true love of realism, we called it the Graybar Building. We even had an American advertising man there; he was no Communist, it is true, and only came here after his colleagues got jealous of his success, but he was authentic. They say he had lost eight accounts in one week back in New York; what this means, I don't know, but it sure sounded impressive. He fled to Russia with his secret Madison Avenue documents hidden in a cocktail shaker. Our boys sobered him up and had him lecture our copywriters, training them in US ad techniques. You've seen the results all over Moscow: "Khrushchev, because . . .", (turn to page 56)





Wakeby lay quiet in the afterglow of love. His need now satisfied, he was content to lie at the girl's side and feel the warmth of her flesh against his own. • "Nina?" he said jestingly. • "Yes?" she asked. • "I just wanted to make sure," he said, "that this wasn't a dream." • "Does this feel like a dream?" she murmured, turning and extending her plump thigh across his middle. • Wakeby smiled in the half light, and caressed her. • "Why are you so good to me?" he asked. • "Because I like being good to men," she said, deliberately making it sound as naughty as possible. And, then, more seriously, "Here we are trained, you know, to be good to men. Especially great men." • "Tell me the truth," he persisted. "Did they tell you to come and make love to me?" • "My darling," she chided. "Does the bee have to be sent to the flower, the snow to the mountain top, the river to its source?" • Wakeby pondered for a moment. Then, in sudden resolution, he sat up in bed. • "Nina, sit up and

let me look at you." • She did. • "There," she said, pushing aside her braided hair. "Look at me. Do I please you?" • Wakeby was fast; so fast that there was hardly a stir in the air as his left fist hooked viciously into her chin. Her fine, even, white teeth were gnashed together as she went sprawling off the bed and across the floor—a limp and disheveled mass now of breasts and buttocks. • "Yes," Wakeby muttered to nobody at all, licking uncaringly at his skinned knuckles. "You do please me. You please me too much."

"You hurt the girl," the Colonel said, though not at all accusingly. • "There are other girls," Wakeby replied. "What's one girl, more or less?" • "That's a very un-cavalier attitude for a Southern gentleman. After all, she only agreed to come because we convinced her you needed a woman." • Wakeby said an ugly word, and stood up, yawning. "She only agreed to come because (turn over)

Do the race-for-space blueprints include provisions for a . . .



moonlight rendezvous

I am who I am, and because she gets paid for it, and because you wanted to see if I could still cut the mustard." He grinned. "Well, my friend, now you know that as far as old Wakeby's concerned, all systems are still Go. You can send me another one to test, tonight."

"I don't know," the Colonel said. "With that left hook of yours, it may transpire that the rate of attrition will soon exceed the supply. But if you promise that there'll be no more rough stuff, I'll see what I can do."

Wakeby suddenly shouted. "For Pete's sake! Has it ever occurred to anyone here that I'm a human being and not a damned machine that has to be serviced every so often?"

The Colonel made shushing gestures, but Wakeby went on. "For three years, ever since I started training, I've been—supplied—with what some jerk in a cubbyhole somewhere thinks I need. 'Eat this, Wakeby, sleep on this, breathe through this, move your bowels on this.' And now, damn it, it's 'climb on top of this, Wakeby.'"

The Colonel cleared his throat a little ominously.

"Maybe," Wakeby ranted on, "I've earned the right to bust some broad in the kisser, or to get her in the first place by fighting for her, or to break up a saloon, or do any other damn thing I feel like doing, without somebody telling me it's not S.O.P."

"As far as I know," the Colonel interrupted quietly, "you weren't forced into this particular branch of service. It was strictly voluntary. I know any number of men who would gladly give up all you've given up—and more—to be able to be their nation's prime astronaut, and to have the honor of being the first man on the moon."

"Big deal," Wakeby said.

"It happens to be more than a big deal. It was an historic achievement."

"History's biggest boob, that's what I am. What has all this bought me?"

"That remains to be seen."

Wakeby sighed.

"All right," he said. "Let's get on with it. Where do we stand as of now?"

"Well," the Colonel said, settling back in the wicker chair and drawing the hatefully-familiar note-pad from his attache case, "you were, of course, correct in assuming that the girl last night was a test to see if—as you so aptly put it—all systems

were Go. I'm happy to affirm that, physiologically, you check out, and, psychologically, you check *you*. All that remains now is to get your story checked out once more, just to make sure."

"Again?" Wakeby moaned. "What the hell have you been doing in that notebook of yours, playing tic-tac-toe?"

"Once more," the Colonel said, almost beseechingly. "Just to check out."

Wakeby thought, what's the use in arguing? From the moment he had given himself to this project, three long years ago, he had been no more than a machine—not even the most important machine involved, either. It was as though the task of training him had been given to a minor subcontractor, and when he was completed, he was shipped to the Cape under a heavy tarpaulin along with the other millions of "component parts;" just another gadget to be fastened inside the capsule, wired up, and checked out a million times. To rebel now, at this stage of the game, to refuse one final check-out, would serve no useful purpose—especially since there was always truth serum if he did.

Once more, under the Colonel's guidance, Wakeby's story began slowly to unfold, in all its manifold, eerie detail...

The strange, ringing silence. The weird greenish glow of the Earth hovering far above. The gray-black silhouette of the needlepoint mountains. The utter desolation. The unbearable loneliness...

A great sadness welled up within Wakeby's soul, for he knew now that the far-riding probes would never again be still; that even now *he* was obsolete; that replacement parts were already being prepared to continue the exploration—happy, smiling, eager replacement parts...

"And now," the Colonel was saying, "we come to the cloak and dagger part. Or," there was just the trace of a smile around his mouth, "shall we say helmet and dagger?"

Wakeby gave him a look of contempt.

"This is the part you really love, isn't it?" he said.

The Colonel shrugged. "Can you deny that it's probably the most exciting suspense story ever told? I must admit that I get a certain mor-

bid, vicarious pleasure in hearing it from the man who actually lived it. Try, Wakeby, to have a little understanding. To you, it's an eternal nightmare. But to us planet-bound earthlings..."

Wakeby wandered over to the small window and gazed bleakly out across the vast complex of buildings which were the brain-center of this gigantic military machine.

"It was the one situation," Wakeby began, in a voice as undramatic and monotonous as he could make it, "for which there had been no preparation. The chances were about a million to one—despite the intelligence reports indicating they might be setting up a shot fairly close to ours—the chances were about a million to one that such a thing could ever happen."

The Colonel said, as he had two or three times before during these interrogations, "And you never did receive any definite word that he was up?"

"No," Wakeby replied. "Voice communication was out, and the best they could do was to flash me the Red Alert signal. All this meant was extreme caution. It could have applied to any one of a thousand hazards. All I knew was that I had to watch my step."

"Did this signal prepare you at all for the shock?"

"I don't think that anything can prepare you," Wakeby said carefully, "for the shock of running into another human being on the Moon."

"Did you immediately assume that this was an enemy?"

"No. It took me a minute or two to pull myself together. At first I didn't know whether to laugh or cry or hug him or what. Then I saw the initials—C.C.C.P.—stenciled across his helmet. And then I knew what had to be done."

"How about the Russian?" the Colonel asked. "Do you suppose *he* knew 'what had to be done'?"

"I don't know," Wakeby said. "I assume it just took him a little while longer to shape up, and that's what gave me the advantage. I don't know."

The Colonel was silent for some minutes, running the tip of his pencil idly back and forth along the top of his pad.

"This is an important point, Wakeby," he said finally. "Perhaps the one important point I've been after throughout this whole interrogation. Did instinct alone tell you to kill the

(turn to page 45)



HELEN

pictorial essay

According to the legend, the original Helen was so irate when Paris awarded the golden apple "for the fairest" to Aphrodite, that she determined to demonstrate who the fairest really was. So she seduced Paris into kidnapping her from her husband, and the eventual result was the famous "launching of a thousand ships" and the resultant destruction of Troy.



*What were all the world's alarms
To mighty Paris when he found
Sleep upon a golden bed
That first dawn in Helen's arms.*
—YEATS



The Gent's Helen—lovely, Grecian, statuesque Helen Johns—may never engender such spectacular fireworks, but one thing is sure. If there were such a thing as a golden apple award for beauty these days, Helen would not by any means take second place to Aphrodite or any others.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAMUEL HASKINS

LEERY LIMERICKS**Odes of the Oddball and Offbeat.**

A perverse engineer named McTooter
Constructed a bawdy computer
It wrote off-color odes
In lascivious codes
But the pictures it drew were much cuter.

The gnu's a bit shaggy it's true
But well known and quite popular, too.
In France he's adored
But Italians are bored
And frequently ask, "What's a gnu?"

A phrenologist named Irving Crumps
Was adept at the reading of bumps.
But he cracked up one day
When to his dismay
He found that the client had mumps.

*A waggish mortician named Spear
Lost his clients inside of a year.
For 'twas found that he'd often
Set a hen in the coffin
To give the corpse egg in its bier.*

**Have you heard of the Elephant scandal
Which the Zookeeper found hot to handle?
In full sight of the skunks
They lower'd their trunks—
I'd go on but it's not worth the candle.**

*Young nymphomaniacal May
Was the quickest at hitting the hay.
She won general renown
And was cheered in the town
As the fastest drawers in Santa Fe.*

humor by John Novotny

When they asked the mountaineer why he wanted to climb her, he said, "Because she is there."

I leaned forward cautiously and peered down from the lip of the cornice, an ugly mass of blue black ice, over which Harry had plummeted some thirty minutes before. The thin rope curled across the sharp jutting edges and then dropped straight down. Harry swung there and bit his nails. Below him was nothing for a thousand feet or so and then only a dark crevasse of rock and ice that looked amazingly like a cold shark's mouth. ● "Well?" he asked miserably. I looked back over my shoulder at the spike which I had driven into the rock wall. Through the ring in the head of the spike the rope was attached and knotted. ● "The piton is holding fast," I told him, "but the rope is fraying where it goes over the edge here. You're swinging too much." ● "I am not swinging deliberately," Harry explained patiently. "The wind is pushing me." ● "Well, you're fraying the rope," I said. Harry glared up at me. ● "If you like we can trade places," he said in his most annoying tone. "You hang down here and I'll lean over the cornice and shout gems of information down at you." ● Harry's idea of humor never did send me, particularly, so I didn't laugh. ● "Have you tried to pull yourself (turn over)

AN ABOMINABLE

**SNOW
JOB**





up?" I inquired of him helpfully.

Harry sighed, "Yes. I'm much too weak and my left arm hurts. Have you tried again to pull me up?"

"Yes," I said. "It's impossible. You're too heavy."

"Dig in with your crampons and try again," he urged. I nodded and edged back. The spikes on my boots bit into the iron-like ice and I strained on the rope. Almost immediately a tiny crack zipped edgeward, from my left foot and I hurriedly released the rope.

"No good, Harry," I called down. "This ledge is ready to give way. And it looks like a storm coming up."

"Oh, great!" Harry moaned. From his pocket, he took a pack of cigarettes and laboriously lit one.

"I think you're smoking too much," I told him gently. Harry shouted something obscene and I moved back to the shelter of the rock wall. Harry was always like that; unable to carry on a conversation for any length of time without becoming obnoxious. Wrapping myself in our blankets I tried to ignore the wind and snow and get some rest, but with his blubbery I actually didn't snooze until the rope finally parted some time about midnight and things quieted down a little.

In the morning I ate my last bitter-sweet chocolate bar, hauled in the remainder of the rope, and took stock of the situation. Our party had left the village of *Thinagaon* three weeks ago. We had headed toward Tibet and the mountain we found was northeast of *Dhaulagiri* and almost due north of *Annapurna*. Base camp was at 16,000 feet and our team and supplies were spread out over three more camps and 8,000 more feet. Harry and I had left Camp Four and were supposed to establish Camp Five as a good jumping off spot for the final assault on the summit. Clumsy Harry pretty well messed up that idea. Thrashing around trying to maintain a purchase, he took our pup tent and food supplies with him over the cornice and dropped everything. In a way I was glad no one else was present to watch this amateurish bungling.

The morning came up bright and clear. Cautiously I leaned over the edge and reconnoitered. No sign of Harry, but not having expected any I wasn't too disappointed. When a man gets a few hours of uninterrupted sleep, he can accept a great deal.

Actually, I wasn't quite as calm as this narrative sounds. My ledge was about four feet wide and eight feet long with no apparent entrance or exit. How I ever led Harry through the darkness to this spot must go down as one of the great feats of mountain climbing lore.

Far below, just beneath a gleaming white *coulloir*, a wide gully of snow, I saw Camp Four, a tiny grouping of black and brown spots on the mountain side. It was slightly disturbing to see no activity around the tents. Galiani, Schiela and Murphy should have been awake by this hour, scanning the heights for signs of Harry and me. I cupped my hands around my mouth.

"Hallo-ooo-o!" I bellowed. Nothing.

"Halloo down there! Up and at 'em!" I yelled. My voice reverberated across the slope. Oddly enough I reached them and stirred up at least one of the party. I watched the little dot emerge from the tiny tent, stretch, and study the mountain. Almost immediately the little dot turned and ran like hell in the general direction of Camp Three.

For a moment I was puzzled. Camp Three was a good mile and a half away and even considering that it was downhill, that's an awful run through heavy snow. Then I glanced to the left and fully understood the little dot's mad dash. Some disturbance had started a snowfall along the *arete* above the camp. The heavy snow loosened, let go, and headed right for the camp. Once or twice the little scrambling dot looked back over its shoulder and then took off again with increased vigor. It was horrifying, yet fascinating, to watch. The avalanche, with a subdued rumble, completely covered the tents, caught up with the runner, ate him, and continued down. All of a sudden the slope was quiet and clean again.

So much for Camp Four. I was now utterly alone, regretful of having eaten my last bittersweet chocolate bar, and somewhat annoyed at clumsy Harry and his ridiculous thrashing about. I was getting hungry.

I will not describe the next two days. It was cold and going to the bathroom was torturous. I shouted, mumbled, and screamed many things which I'm ashamed to repeat. Once I stamped my foot in sheer frustra-

(turn to page 71)

THE MOST



ILLUSTRATED BY MARV FRIEDMAN

POIGNANT LOSS OF THE LOSER MAY BE

A DATE WITH THE WINNER

FICTION BY
R.V. CASSILL



Paul and Barbara were almost alone in the fraternity living room when Fawn O'Shea caught up with them. Most of Paul's brother Dokes had drifted to the basement, where there was dancing, or were already in their cars with their dates. But the faculty chaperone and his wife were still there. So were two or three other people whose respect Paul needed. □ Fawn said, "There's just one thing I want to tell you, Paul Custer, you. I wasn't drunk. I meant it. Any time you want to call me—any time—I'll still mean it." □ She had been drunk and she was still drunk. In the decorous lights of the living room her condition was only more apparent than it had been downstairs in the crush of dancers. But so, for that matter, was her lithe beauty. She wobbled and swayed as she confronted him and ignored Barbara. It was the swaying of a slender blade, that trembles in a fencer's hand. □ "Sure, kid. I'll remember you weren't drunk," he said with a tolerant curve in his lips. Calling her (turn over)



"How can we grow old gracefully if all you think of is sex?"

kid established exactly the tone he wanted the onlookers to hear. It put her gently and firmly in her place. The rest of his comment was indefinite enough to slow her down while she thought it over. By the time she saw it meant nothing she wanted to hear, he and Barbara would be out and on their way home. It was deftness like this that made his friends call him Judge—not merely the fact that his father was on the State Supreme Court and Paul was preparing for the law.

All Barbara had to do now, he felt—and he would feel it even more strongly in retrospect—was keep her fine mouth shut. That was the lady-like thing. It was what he had a right to expect from his fiancée, he thought. But she clutched his arm as if he were a very big doll, quite unable to manage his own affairs. She shrieked at Fawn, "I saw you dancing with him. I never saw anything so cheap. I thought I might throw up."

Fawn blinked a couple of times, turning very slowly on her sharp heels until she faced Barbara squarely. A canny smile grew wider and wider on her mouth. Without looking again at Paul she asked, "Is this cow why you wouldn't come outside with me?"

She stuck her thumb under the black strap of her evening dress and wagged her fingers in the gesture of a village bully.

"Slap her, Paul," Barbara said hysterically.

"Hush. Be quiet," Paul said. "There won't be any slapping. I think we'd better say good night, Fawn. I must take Barbara home. Thank you for a pleasant dance."

"Slap her," Barbara said. "If you don't slap her, I will."

From the corner of his eye, Paul saw his friend Jake Lattimore edging closer to them. Old Mother Hen Jake who took the fraternity's morals as his personal responsibility.

"Stop it!" Paul commanded. He tried to lead Barbara to the cloakroom. She and Fawn were both beyond listening to him. They yowled at each other like cats in an alley.

Paul saw the chaperone and his wife grinning from the sofa across the room. The little buck-toothed balding man was an Assistant Prof in Botany. A nothing, when you came right down to it. Certainly not a man on whose recommendation Paul Custer would ever have to depend. But Paul Custer had been raised to put on a show of dignity for people of no consequence, and this ugliness offended his most cherished feelings. It didn't matter much what the O'Shea girl said or did. It mattered a great deal how his wife-to-be appeared.

So it was really to Barbara that he spoke when she said icily, "Then fight it out, girls. I'll leave you to fight over me."

He turned quickly and walked away from them, looking very much like his father, with his big shoul-

ders set square, his step a little ponderous and already heavy with responsibility.

As he descended alone to rejoin the party in the basement, he had to crowd into a corner of the stairs to let three of his brothers and a Tau Sig (who was someone's high school buddy) carry Hank Waltham up past him. Fawn had been Hank's date, and if Hank had for once stayed sober enough to pay attention to her, the nastiness might never have occurred.

Paul had asked the girl to dance merely because she was a colorful bit of fluff he had not seen at the house before. Some of the younger, less responsible brothers frequently dug up these sexy town girls for the big parties. At the height of a party they could be amusing.

Fawn was amusing. But she was hardly a novelty except by virtue of being a little prettier than most. Otherwise, she showed the tricks for which she'd been brought. She had tried to scissor his right thigh before they'd danced ten steps. When she found that that didn't work—he had adroitly and stoutly held her at a decent distance—she began a line of cooing dime-store-clerk flattery that almost made him laugh in her face.

"God!" she muttered against his neck.

"Something wrong?"

"God, that head! You've got such cheekbones! I mean I have a weakness for goodlooking men, but no one ever got to me so quick. Oh-h Ga-a-a-awd! I mean, ouch, right when I saw you. A person doesn't expect to see your type just walk into the room. But it happened!"

She tried for his thigh again and as he rocked her back away from him, he felt the steely spring of her muscles as they resisted.

"Sorry," he said as they swayed backward out of step. "My fault."

"Sorry?" she laughed through the tense beat of the music. "What have you got to be sorry about? You should feel sorry for me. I come with a human soul who can't even twist, and he's been too numb to even talk to me for hours. No wonder I was ready for you to show up." She clutched at the sleeve of his jacket and shook it with a tantrum of inebriate impatience. "What a build," she insisted, as if she were mad at him for not admitting his own perfections. "Why aren't you on the team?"

"Football, you mean? I could tell you I wrenched my knee in prep school," Paul said. "As a matter of fact that's the honest, simple truth." "Prep school?" She puckered her mouth for an awed whistle.

"Furthermore, games bore me. I'm not a team player. And preparing for law takes most of my time. I'll be in law school next semester. And, believe it or not, I've studied hard in the last three years."

Fawn's shallow blue eyes were riveted on his mouth as he spoke. When he had finished she groaned—as if either the tone of his voice or the sight of his pink gums had done something unbearable to her nerves. She cuddled into his shoulder and said, "Yeah, Hank told me you were a wheel. I made him say *something* about you, the dumb bunny. He says you ought to have been the frat president. He says your father's a big-shot. He says he wouldn't be a damn bit surprised if you're governor some day."

"Then he is a dumb bunny if he said that."

Paul attempted to lead her in search of Hank. Again she resisted with her surprising strength. He could feel the challenge to his control and his reserves of power offered by the insistence of her body. He was not above temptation. He was merely able to keep it always in its place.

He looked around for Barbara. She was sitting alone near the improvised bar where he had left her. Hank Waltham was talking to her from the opposite end of the bar, and apparently he was asking her to dance, because she shook her head sympathetically, in the way she had of wordlessly explaining who she thought she was. It meant that she knew there were plenty of men here who would like to dance with her if she were not so obviously wearing Paul Custer's pin.

And at that moment Paul had felt a small impatience with her for refusing Hank, just because he might make a fool of himself. For a moment it seemed to him that Barbara might not mix well enough to be the wife of a political figure.

"All right," he conceded to Fawn. "We'll dance one more."

This time she abandoned all restraint. She ground her breasts against the buttons of his jacket and whispered, "Take me outside. We'll find somebody's car. You won't be sorry."

He laughed austerely. "My car is out there in the drive."

"Wonderful."

"Where every passerby can see it. No. I'm sorry. No."

"I won't hound-dog you afterward. I'm not that kind of girl."

"There are many ways to be sorry," he said, in a tone that sounded like his father. "I may be sorry that we can't go outside together, but that's the way things are."

"Ten minutes," she begged. "I only want to kiss you. You know what I mean?"

"Kiss?"

"I mean *kiss*."

He thought he knew what she meant. He shuddered like a big horse that feels the goad of a fly. "Ah, you've had a tiny bit too much to drink," he said. "Everything will be all right in the morning." With slow deliberation he peeled her clinging arms and hands, from his and left her standing alone among the dancers.

He had walked straight over to Barbara then and said, "It's time to take you chastely home, my dear."

So he could not believe he had given Barbara cause to behave like a high school brawler. Of course he had struck hard at her vanity by walking away from her and telling her to fight with Fawn. But he had no intention of going back up to the living room to apologize. This time she would have to come after him—and apologize to him if she saw fit. He rather thought that, all things considered, she would.

So he intended. . . . He had not even made his way through the dancers to the bar when he heard grunts and a clatter of footsteps. A pledge was grabbing at his arm. "Paul. Mr. Custer, you better come upstairs. Your girl is fighting."

On the pledge's face he saw a quickly hidden flash of unendurable, smirking amusement. At him. He knew others had heard. Blindly he elbowed dancers out of his way and raced up to where he had left the girls. Two of his brothers and the chaperone were holding Fawn against the leather arm of a sofa. Jake Lattimore was trying to console Barbara. She was weeping on a chair by the fireplace under the fraternity crest. Her nose was bleeding. She tried to stanch both blood and tears with Jake's handkerchief.

The side of Fawn's face had been raked with fingernails. Maybe she was crying too, but her tears were from pure drunken rage.

As Paul came up, she shouted at Barbara, "You're Hank's meat. You're Hank's meat."

A brother put his hand over her mouth and said to the chaperone, "She's not a University girl."

The chaperone giggled. So amusing the way fraternity life is lived—and no one's seriously hurt. . . .

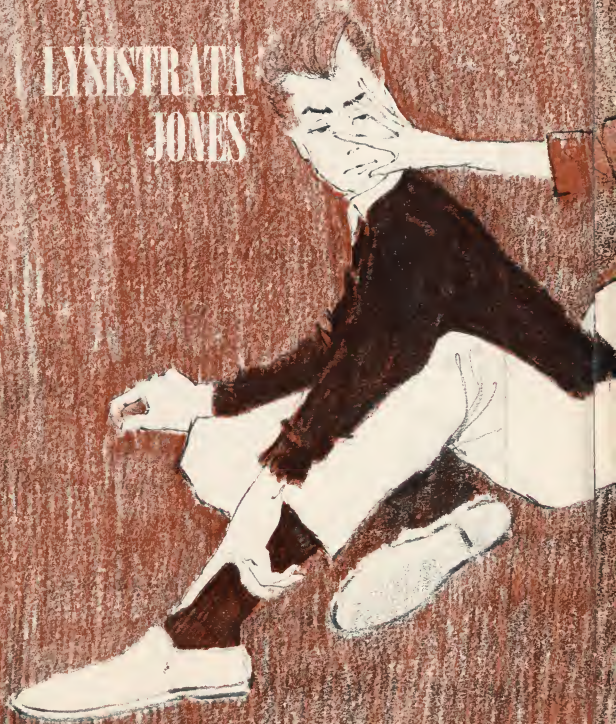
"All right," Paul said in a voice of cold authority. "I'll take Barbara home. Shake that one a little, and quiet her down. She's only canned up. Don't hurt her."

(turn to page 55)



"Beat it, Mac—we don't play calypso!"

LYSISTRATA
JONES



ILLUSTRATED BY DINO KOTPOULIS



satire by Raymond A. Hartley

Not too long ago it was reported in the *New York Times* that some British ladies had come up with a rather novel way of stopping nuclear testing. Having long felt that the Mothers for Peace, marching with their baby carriages in London and Washington, were wasting their time, the proposal by the British ladies struck me as quite sound, and I have often wondered why nothing ever came of it. After all, the idea they proposed had an ancient and honorable tradition behind it, having first been suggested by the Greek dramatist, Aristophanes, in his play *Lysistrata*. The idea is so good, in fact, that I have always wondered why a modern *Lysistrata* has never appeared on the national scene. If she ever did, and if there is anything to the highly touted wisdom of the ancient Greeks, a stage version of a modern *Lysistrata*'s little game would probably go something like this, with the traditional apologies, of course, to Aristophanes.

(turn over)

Lysistrata Jones, wife of a physicist at the Atomic Energy Commission.

Calonice Smith, wife of an Air Force colonel.

Myrrhine Young, wife of a prominent New Frontiersman.

Lampito Darnell, A Capitol Hill secretary.

Cinesias Young, a New Frontiersman whose prominence is best indicated by the fact that he has been pushed, fully clothed, at least three times into the pool. Essentially, his job is that of a roving troubleshooter for the White House, especially in the area of atomic weapons and disarmament.

ACT I

SCENE: *A fine spring morning in Washington D. C.'s Lafayette Park, which is across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. Lysistrata Jones is pacing up and down, looking at her wrist watch. In her other hand she is carrying a copy of the Washington Post, with a headline which reads: SPRING RAINS EXPECTED TO BRING INCREASE IN STRONTIUM-90.*

L. JONES: Oh, if only we had invited them to tour the White House with Jackie or to a Twist Party with free martinis they'd be here all right. Except for those Mothers for Peace, marching with their baby carriages across the street, there's not a single woman in sight—ah, except my good neighbor and friend, Calonice Smith. Good morning, Calonice, I'm glad at least two of us managed to come. At last night's party at Myrrhine's everyone said they would call ten others and that we would have a hundred women here this morning.

C. SMITH, (looking slightly hung over): Ohhh. Don't talk about last night's party. It's still throbbing up here *(points to her blonde head)*. I must say, you don't look so good either.

L. JONES: Oh, Calonice, I am disappointed. We woman talk and talk about wanting to stop nuclear testing in the atmosphere, but when someone decides to really do something about it, all the girls lie in bed reading in the morning paper about how bad the Strontium-90 is going to be. But they won't do anything about it—except the Mothers for Peace over there *(she points across the street)*.

C. SMITH: Don't worry, Lysistrata, the girls will be here; it just takes a little time. Remember, a lot of them have to get their Jackie hairdos back up because they were pushed into the pool last night.

L. JONES: A fine way to save humanity. I tell you this is far more urgent than our Jackie hair-dos.

C. SMITH: Well, what is your idea, Lysistrata? Why did you suggest this meeting?

L. JONES: It's about a real big thing.

C. SMITH: (winking) And is it thick, too?

L. JONES: Yes, indeed, it is big and great!

C. SMITH: So, what's keeping everybody?

L. JONES: Oh, don't worry, if it were what you think it is, we would have a mob here. But no, it concerns a thing I have turned about, about and about, this way and that, for many a sleepless night.

C. SMITH: It must be something mighty fine and subtle for you to have turned it about so.

L. JONES: So fine it means just this: nuclear testing stopped and mankind saved by women of the world—assuming, of course, that the women of other countries will cooperate with us.

C. SMITH: Mankind saved by women, eh? Then salvation hangs on a pretty fine thread.

L. JONES: Our children and future generations depend on it—only the woman can stop this madness. But we have to have a good turnout: The wives of Cabinet members, of Pentagon officers, of Congressmen and Senators, of government officials, in fact, the wives of all the big brass around town.

C. SMITH: But how can women do anything? All we do is keep watch over our maids, get the kids off to boarding school and summer camp, plan big dinner parties, read the Woman's Page of the *Washington Post*, play bridge, organize charities, and, of course, try to take our husbands' minds off politics at bedtime long enough for them to make love to us.

L. JONES: Right! And it is at bedtime that we can strike our blow for mankind. That's when the woman's power is greatest—not at ten in the morning, wheeling a baby carriage in front of the White House. If we are going to do anything to save

future generations it will have to be after 11 p.m.—and in the quiet of our bedrooms, not sitting at our typewriters, writing letters to the editor. Ah, but look! some of the women are beginning to arrive.

M. YOUNG: Are we late, Lysistrata?

L. JONES: Don't speak to me, Myrrhine. You certainly didn't make much effort to get here on time.

M. YOUNG: I couldn't find my girdle this morning. It was by the pool *(titter of laughter from the other women)*. Well, I'm sorry. What's the meeting for, Lysistrata?

L. JONES: Let's wait until some of the others arrive.

M. YOUNG: Ah, here comes Lampito.

L. JONES: Good morning, Lampito. You certainly look fine this morning. How do you keep that beautiful figure?

L. DARNELL: Oh, it's easy. I just get up every morning and do my exercises with that nice man on TV. Isn't he a darling?

L. JONES: Now, Lampito, let's not start talking about men; we've got to forget men.

L. YOUNG: Why, Lysistrata? What's this meeting all about?

L. JONES: All right. I'll tell you. But first, you tell me one thing: Do you women really want to stop these nuclear tests?

(A chorus of yeas from the now nearly one hundred women assembled.)

L. JONES: And if I tell you how to really stop the testing, will you all cooperate?

(Another chorus of yeas.)

L. JONES: All right. My plan is simple. We must stop letting our husbands and lovers make love to us. . . . Hey, where is everybody going? Why these pale, sad looks? Come, will you do it—yes or no?

M. YOUNG: No, let the testing go on!

C. SMITH: Anything but that. I'll do anything else, Lysistrata. I'll even stop going to the beauty parlor, and my husband hates it when I don't look good. But to take away our favorite sport—Oh, Lysistrata!

L. JONES: And you, Myrrhine?

M. YOUNG: I agree with Calonice.

L. JONES: And what about you, Lampito?

L. DARNELL: Well, to ask a girl *(turn to page 32)*

1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



DONIS
THE GENT

to sleep without a man is asking a lot, but I suppose mankind should come first.

L. JONES: Oh, dear Lampito, you are the only one deserving the name of woman.

C. SMITH: But what—heaven forbid—if we do refrain altogether from our men, would it guarantee that the testing would be stopped?

L. JONES: Of course it would. We need only to sit around the house, lightly clad in our finest gowns, well perfumed and powdered, and employ all our efforts and our charms, and it will drive our men mad; soon they will be wild to go to bed with us. That will be the time to refuse—to demand that they go to their offices and start working to stop the tests. With the Atomic Energy Commission, the Pentagon, the White House, Congress and a few key government agencies under our control—that's all we need.

M. YOUNG: You know, I think you're right. Remember, when Menelaus saw Helen's naked bosom, he threw away his sword. And remember that Greek play by Aristophanes about how the women of Greece stopped a war by not letting their

husbands in bed with them? I think you may have something, Lys.

L. DARNELL (aside): Who was Helen? Was she built better than I?

C. SMITH: But what if our husbands leave us?

L. JONES: Then we'll just have to find something to replace them. We could even throw a good party, with a prize for the woman who comes up with the best substitute. If nobody wins—well, the world will just have to become one big monastery.

C. SMITH: But what if our husbands use force—if they drag us into the bedroom?

L. JONES: Hold on to the door handle.

C. SMITH: But what if they beat us?

L. JONES: Then give in, but don't act like you're enjoying it. They don't like it when they have to force us. Anyway, there are thousands of ways of tormenting them, as you well know. Don't worry, they'll soon tire of the game.

C. SMITH: Maybe there's something in what you say. I'll go along with the scheme, if everyone else will.

(One by one, the women begin to

mumble their consent—at first reluctantly, and then gradually enthusiasm for the idea begins to build. Finally they march around Lafayette Square singing:

There'll be no more love,
No, we never will succumb
While that mushroom cloud's above
And it's raining strontium.

The women march away toward the White House, singing and throwing off their clothes, until most of them are clad just in their brassieres and panties.)

L. JONES: (Shouting to the women) Don't forget, girls, tell all your friends, spread the word at the beauty parlors, at your luncheon clubs, at the bridge table, at PTA, and the League of Women Voters—spread the word everywhere.

ACT II

SCENE: In the Georgetown house of Cinesias and Myrrhine Young. The time is eleven o'clock at night, about six weeks after the meeting called by Lysistrata Jones in Lafayette Park. Cinesias is sitting on the couch reading the evening paper as Myrrhine enters clad only in a transparent baby-doll night gown, one of several in black, red, white and blue which she bought after Lysistrata suggested that all the Washington women get them. As Myrrhine enters, Cinesias leaps up and grabs her.

MYRRHINE: Take your hands off me, you horrible atmosphere poisoner.

CINESIAS: Now Myrrhine, darling, don't start that again. You know I'm not responsible for nuclear testing.

MYRRHINE: Of course not, but I'm certainly not. In fact, none of us women are. Lysistrata Jones says . . .

CINESIAS: Lysistrata, Lysistrata, if I hear that name again, I'll scream.

MYRRHINE: What's the matter, Sinny dear, you getting a little edgy?

CINESIAS: Stop calling me Sinny—it sounds so provocative. And if you are going to keep up this testes ban, as you so amusingly put it, at least you can stop wearing that damned nightgown around the house all evening.

MYRRHINE: I guess you are right (she starts to take the nightgown off). I think I'll go in the pool for a dip. I hope it doesn't wake up the children.

CINESIAS: You going in the pool naked? How come?



Handel Jones

THE GENT

"He thinks I'm paranoid!"

MYRRHINE: Why not, it's dark enough, isn't it?

CINESIAS: You never used to go in naked.

MYRRHINE: Oh, that was before Lysis . . . I mean, before we women decided to do something about this atomic testing. We're a lot different now, haven't you noticed?

CINESIAS: (throws his newspaper across the room) Yeah, I've noticed.

MYRRHINE: (Naked, she goes up to her husband and starts caressing him in a way which she knows will arouse him considerably.) Sinny, darling, don't be angry. You know I still love you. Let's go for a little swim (she starts to unbuckle his belt).

CINESIAS: All right, I'm for it, but I won't be responsible for what happens. There's no law against raping your wife, you know.

MYRRHINE: Oh, you wouldn't do that, would you, darling, not if I'm not in the mood?

CINESIAS: (undressing) Not much, I wouldn't.

MYRRHINE: Darling, how handsome you look, only . . . that is, do you always go around carrying that lance, just like they used to during the Pelopo . . . Pelopones . . . whatever that war was which I never could pronounce.

CINESIAS: Yes, I always go around carrying my lance now, thanks to you.

MYRRHINE: Even at the office?

CINESIAS: Even at the office. All the men around town do. I hope you women are proud of your work, although I must say, you should have a little more sympathy for our secretaries. It's not as easy for them, you know.

MYRRHINE: Don't worry. Lysistrata . . . I'm sorry . . . said they will get a special citation after it's all over. Everyone says the secretaries are doing a superb job. I doubt if we could have made this work without them.

CINESIAS: You're damned right you couldn't. But you women will be sorry. When this thing is all over, a lot of the men aren't going to forget just how good those secretaries used to look to them during the heat of battle.

MYRRHINE: Cinesias, I hope you aren't trying to threaten me! Anyway, I'm glad you concede that we are going to win. And I'll be just as happy as you will. I can hardly wait 'til we can do it again.



CINESIAS: (pulling Myrrhine down on the couch with him) Come on, darling, you can't wait any longer, either. Kiss me.

MYRRHINE: (after a long embrace) Ohhh, darling. We can't wait much longer. When do you think the Senate will consider the emergency legislation which the White House has submitted?

CINESIAS: I don't know, maybe tomorrow. The House is no problem; the Representatives are mostly young men. And most of the Senate is ready, too, although some of the older Senators don't seem to be quite as wrought up as most of the others. But I think we can get the votes. The big problem is Senator Socrates. I don't know what the story is, but he's organized a pretty good bloc opposed to the test-ban bill, and your campaign doesn't seem to worry him a bit.

MYRRHINE: Hmmm. He may need special attention. I'd better call his secretary in the morning.

CINESIAS: Well, good luck. Anyway, I'm going to put the pressure on him. I still have a couple of tricks up my sleeve.

MYRRHINE: Oh, Sinny, you're wonderful! I'll see that you get a special citation, too.

CINESIAS: To hell with the cita-

tion. All I want is you. (He pulls Myrrhine closer.)

MYRRHINE: Darling, do you promise you'll do everything you can tomorrow to get the legislation through?

CINESIAS: Oh, Myrrhine, you know I will. How can I go on much longer like this?

MYRRHINE: (breaking away from Cinesias' embrace): Just a minute, darling, let me run downstairs first. I'll be right back, I promise.

CINESIAS: Wonderful. Don't be long.

(After Myrrhine leaves, Cinesias paces up and down for a few minutes, then goes over to the bar and fixes two healthy highballs—a bourbon and water for himself and a Scotch and water for Myrrhine—with maybe a little more Scotch than usual. He paces around for a few more minutes, drink in hand, then settles down on the couch to wait for Myrrhine. Suddenly he hears Myrrhine shout from downstairs.)

MYRRHINE: Good night, darling Cinesias. Don't forget to do everything you can to get that bill through. (The front door slams.)

CINESIAS: (getting up and going to the head of the stairs) Myrrhine, what are you doing? (No

(turn to page 46)



**DOLCE
FEETA**

**ben-
venuto!**

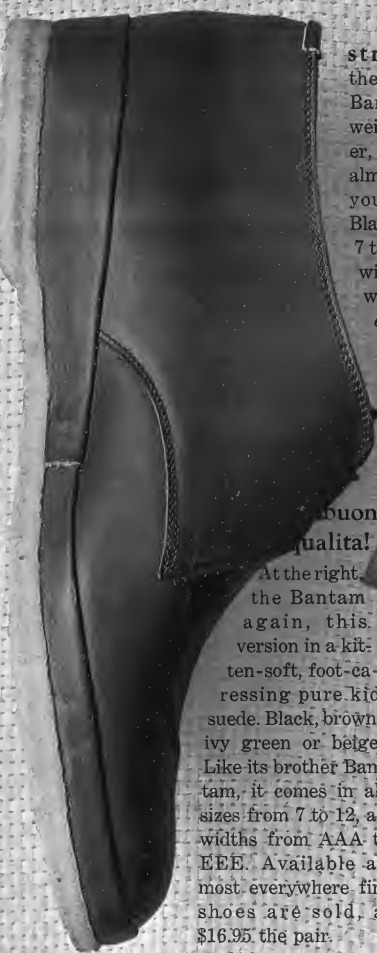
American
gents can now
strut and swagger
in the stunning new
shoe styles that have
been the rage of the con-
tinent for the last two years!
Crafted by Italia Bootwear, Ltd.,
they're available in all major
department stores through-
out the country, at much
lower prices than you'd
ordinarily expect to
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mera-
viglioso!

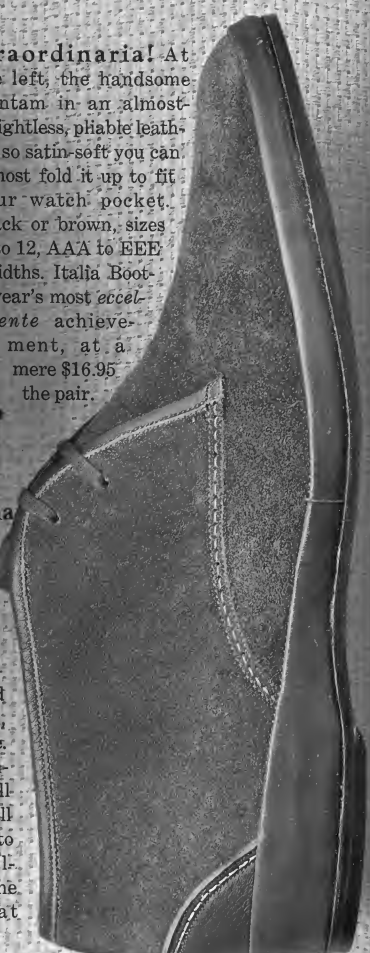
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Continental in three-
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\$12.95 a pair. Bottom left,
Continental Loafer, \$13.95.
Bottom right, the Bravissimo,
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Continental Moccasin, \$12.95. Upper
right, the Continental Slip-on,
\$14.95. Lower left, the Con-
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double-eyelet Baff,
\$12.95. All in
suede, 7 to 12,
AAA to
EEE, in
black,
brown,
ivy or
beige.

HAPPY
FEET



straordinaria! At the left, the handsome Bantam in an almost weightless, pliable leather, so satin-soft you can almost fold it up to fit your watch pocket. Black or brown, sizes 7 to 12, AAA to EEE widths. Italia Bootwear's most *eccezionale* achievement, at a mere \$16.95 the pair.

**buona
qualita!**



At the right, the Bantam again, this version in a kitten-soft, foot-caressing pure kid suede. Black, brown, ivy green or beige. Like its brother Bantam, it comes in all sizes from 7 to 12, all widths from AAA to EEE. Available almost everywhere fine shoes are sold, at \$16.95 the pair.



BO OR BEAU?

The antics of this irrepressible Angel (Los Angeles variety) have provided Our National Pastime with a new definition for "swing" . . .

"Live fast, die young, and have a good-looking corpse." ☐ The words are not original, but Robert (Bo) Belinsky is one guy who really lives by that philosophy. ☐ Bo Belinsky, hell. Beau Belinsky, it should be. Or Dough Belinsky.

☐ Only Jack the Ripper found fame faster, but will Bo's fame last as long? A year ago at this time, Bo was unknown. A month later he was famous. A month after that he was notorious.

☐ Bo Belinsky accomplished the improbable, by making baseball exciting to thousands of people who wouldn't know a fungo from third base. He took the game off the sport pages and into the gossip columns. ☐ But it may have been a couple of passes, and then craps. By season's end he was just another left-handed lover, hanging precariously onto his summer's gains. He worried away the winter wondering whether he'd have a team to go back to at spring training. Now it turns out that he gets a second chance. ☐ Bo Belinsky, romancer and philosopher, doesn't give a damn about baseball, but baseball he's stuck with. Bo has blown big, but he's backed up his bragging with performance. His wild ways were winning, while his baseball was. When he lost in baseball, he became a loser all around. ☐ A chick slapped a \$150,000 law suit on him. His teammates turned the cold shoulder on him. (turn over)



The handshakes went limp. Belinsky, who had always wanted to be Show-Biz Belinsky, found out it was No Show for him. Although he'd taken singing and dancing lessons, prepped for his first record cutting, got drama coaching—and even talked about enrolling in the Actors Studio—when he did make the flicks, he wound up with a bit part, no better than Don Drysdale's role, who'd done no self-glamourizing at all. Both of them were signed for a Western. And Belinsky's still bruised in body as well as spirit; after all, should a guy from the Bronx and Jersey know how to ride a horse? During the shooting, he fell off his white charger and into a tree. □ Baseball-wise, Belinsky figures he doesn't have to be Christy Mathewson. All he needs is one big year, then he'll cut out for bigger things. "What do baseball players make?" he asks, with curled lip. "Not what movie stars make, I guarantee you. Me, I take a good picture, I talk sharp, I got personality. Why not me?" □ Why not? Bo kept up a brave front during the off-season, escorting the lovable likes of Tina Louise and similar delicacies to movie premieres and similar spotlighted events. He said he didn't give a damn what, or where, his future might be. "I dig the class towns, sure. New York is the best in the world. L.A. is fine. The people are class—like the crowd that goes to the Met instead of a strip joint. But I'm a very fluid guy, a day-to-day guy. I take it as it comes. I'm real versatile. I go with it." □ But the truth is, any place in between N.Y. and L.A. is Siberia to Belinsky. He's bright lights, (Continued on page 74)



interview

BILL LIBBY



ILLUSTRATED BY LEO SUMMERS PHOTOGRAPHY BY WIDE WORLD PHOTO



INDIAN

Imagine that you're a professional photographer, with a notable talent and a noteworthy reputation for your portraits of beautiful models. One day your studio intercom buzzes and your receptionist announces, "A Miss Crowfoot to see you, sir." ☐ Crowfoot? Crowfoot! The last time you heard a name like that, it was some epithet that all the kids shouted back at your seventh-grade schoolteacher as you all scampered off for the first day of summer vacation. ☐ You start to tell the receptionist, "Tell her I'm out," but somehow curiosity gets the better of you, and you invite in this oddly-named visitor. ☐ Boy, aren't you glad you did! ☐ The only thing crow-like about this









SUMMER

Miss Crowfoot is her raven-wing hair. And the foot is attached to a long, lithe and curvaceous leg. In between, there are other admirable attributes that certainly are seldom associated with spinster schoolteachers. □ Turns out that Crowfoot is really her surname, and a highly respected one it is among the Cherokees who were her forebears. Her full name is Summer Crowfoot and, in addition to her Amer-Indian ancestry, she claims a commingling of French influence along the way. □ You, all exuberance at the whim of fate (or the whim of the Great Spirit) that directed Summer to your studio, are already unlimbering the Leinsdorf, the spots, floods, barndoors, backdrops,









props, and the other paraphernalia of your profession.

☐ Busily setting up the first shots, you barely listen as she breathlessly explains her qualifications for modeling: she's tall for a girl (five-five), well put together (the traditionally Perfect Thirty-Six), brown-eyed, a student of modern dance—and ambitious to appear in the center-fold spread of *The Gent*. ☐ Needless to remark, she made it, because here she is. And on the basis of these pictures, it's easy to forecast that our lovely Indian Summer can set her sights on just about any ambition she covets. ☐ Wouldn't that seventh-grade schoolteacher give just about anything to be this Miss Crowfoot? ☐ And wouldn't **you** give just about anything to be the photographer whose curiosity put her before the camera?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK BEZ/GLOBE



MOONLIGHT RENDEZVOUS

(Continued from page 16)

Russian simply because he *was* a Russian? Or did you stop to consider the implications of your surprise meeting? Did you actually *reason out* the fact that he had to be disposed of?"

"Oh, hell," Wakeby said wearily. "It was a combination of both. Remember—for three years I'd had the importance of this mission drilled into me. 'Reach the Moon before they do.' Three whole years! When we met up there, all right, what happened was instinctive. The thing just happened, that's all; almost without my having to think."

"Good!" said the Colonel. "I think I have all I want."

Wakeby turned to watch him shut the pad and put it back in the case.

"You want to skip the blood and guts part this time?" he said sourly.

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't think there is any need to go into that again. We've lab-tested that part of your story already, and you check out. They filled a pressurized suit with moist chopped meat, put it in a vacuum chamber and then punctured it. The process is not too appalling with just hamburger, but . . . gr-r-r, I shiver to think what it must have looked like with . . ."

"A man inside," Wakeby finished for him.

Another girl came in that night. She was a pretty girl, skilled in her work and obviously enthusiastic with her assignment. If there was any fear of being used as a punching bag, she did not show it.

"You never married, Major Wakeby?" she asked him.

"No. Never."

"It's too bad. There are too few good lovers who are at the same time considerate. You could have made one woman very happy."

"I could say the same for you," he said. "You could have made one man very happy."

"Thank you. Have I made you happy?"

"Ves." And Wakeby laughed. "You've made me happy."

The girl threw off the cover and sat up, leaning on her slender arms to emphasize the contour of her breasts.

"Then come back to bed," she whispered, "and let me make you happier still."

Wakeby finished the drink he was holding, and then rubbed his eyes.

"Thank you, no. You've done your work well. One more time and we really might get to like each other. That would be a tragedy, wouldn't it?"

Like all bad dreams, it became more and more real, more and more terrifying. The ringing in his ears, the greenish glow of the Earth up there, the black mountains off in the distance, the thick, gray dust, the lifelessness, the loneliness. . .

He could see it all through the heavy plexiglas covering his face. The only difference, this time, was that there was voice contact now. Clear and distinct voice contact.

"Are you fully awake, Major Wakeby? Do you hear my voice? Am I coming through?"

Wakeby looked around him. There was nothing but the dust and everlasting bleakness of the Moon. The crackling voice of the Colonel was just an added touch of madness.

" . . . laboratory has been equipped," the voice went on, "to look and sound and feel just as the Moon must have looked, sounded and felt to you. The reconstruction has been as complete as possible, even to the lack of atmosphere and gravity. If you could weigh yourself at the moment you would find your body weight at exactly twenty-eight and one half pounds. Do you understand, Major? Signify by nodding your head three times."

Like a punch-drunk fighter reacting to his seconds' commands, Wakeby nodded feebly. Then he rebelled sufficiently to shout, "What are you trying to do to me?" His voice blatted against the plexiglas dome and reverberated against his ears; he knew now that this was a one-way conversation.

" . . . understand, I hope, the necessity for such a test, and that what we do here today in no way diminishes in our eyes the great honor you have brought to yourself and your country."

Wakeby was fully awake and alert now. The reconstruction was fabulous, almost perfect down to the last detail, as far as the eye could see.

" . . . needless to go into too much detail. You are, however, entitled to know this much. The Moon race be-

tween the United States and the Soviet Union has been a close and a bitter one, with much at stake. Absolute secrecy was clamped down in both countries, with a victory announcement to be issued only if and when a man reached the Moon and returned safely.

"Not too strangely, both countries attempted a Moon shot at the most favorable time. Almost within minutes, as a matter of fact. The accidental meeting of the two rival spacemen, on the Moon, however, was unforeseen. But your immediate and exemplary behavior, Major Wakeby, gave the victory to your country . . . until a minor but vital navigational miscalculation on the return trip to Earth, involving some twenty-eight seconds of flight, caused you to overshoot your mark and to land within the borders of Byelo-Russia, where you have been a most welcome guest."

Wakeby was only half listening to this recapitulation of his recent history. He was looking about him, trying to define the walls of this laboratory, and to get out of it.

" . . . that your own superiors know you are here with us," the Colonel continued. "Their tracking stations are as efficient as ours, and they followed your parabola practically to where you landed. Unfortunately for you, Major Wakeby, we are not prepared to parade you as the victorious American, first on the Moon."

"Neither are we going to present to the world a Soviet cosmonaut with the same claim, until we have one who can substantiate his narrative of the journey with plausible details. We intend to provide him with those details by having him live in this laboratory mock-up of the Moon for exactly as long as you lived on its real surface. There will be no one to dispute his claim of having been there."

Wakeby saw him, now, slim and neat in his pressure suit, moving through the ankle-high dust with swift, measured strides.

"Meet Major Borodinov," the Colonel's voice went on, with a grim humor that somehow managed to filter through the flat sound of the earphones. "Your replacement, who has a rendezvous to re-enact."

The man stood facing Wakeby now, a few yards away, adjusting a catch lever on his air pistol. His face behind the plexidome of his helmet had an expression of utter con-

(turn over)

centration as he gave his weapon a final check-out.

"Your death, Major Wakeby," the Colonel's voice went on implacably, "must necessarily duplicate that of the man who *did* die on the Moon. In other words, Major Wakeby, your trip was not in vain. Your story will be told in your own words, in every last macabre detail. Major Borodinov will tell it."

It was sadistic humor, but Wakeby appreciated it enough to grin, even as the pellet perforated his pressure suit. The grin was gradually erased as the last of him spewed out through the puncture like squeezed toothpaste from a tube.

LYSISTRATA JONES

(continued from page 33)

answer.) Damn! (He gulps down the rest of his drink and goes back to the bar to fix another, muttering to himself.) I've had just about enough of this. (Then he goes to the phone, dials a number, and waits a few minutes for it to ring.) Senator Socrates, this is Cinesias Young. I hope I didn't wake you up, but I have a matter of the utmost urgency to take up with

you. Any chance of my seeing you now? Fine. I'll be right over. (Cinesias puts down the receiver and pulls on his pants.)

ACT III

SCENE: A little bar in Georgetown to which Myrrhine has gone after her tussle with Cinesias. She enters to find Lysistrata and Calonice sitting at one of the booths. She goes immediately to them.

MYRRHINE: Whew, do I need a drink! I don't know how much longer I can go on with this.

L. JONES: (looking toward the bartender) Tom, bring Myrrhine a double Scotch on the rocks.

C. SMITH: What's the matter, Myrrhine? Need a little lovin' like the rest of us?

MYRRHINE: I need something. I just had a session with Cinesias, and I almost broke down. I had to leave the house. But if you think I'm in bad shape, you ought to see him. He's ready to act, I know that for sure. I'll bet right now he's putting the pressure on Senator Socrates to push through the test-ban legislation.

L. JONES: Good! If the girls can hold out just a little longer, I think we are going to win.

C. SMITH: I know the Pentagon is ready. My husband says the younger officers are getting ready to or-

ganize a sit-down strike of the military personnel at the test sites. Even the senior officers are beginning to show the strain. That's one thing about a soldier; they've got to have their women.

L. JONES: Well, I can assure you the scientists are almost as bad off. My husband says that the AEC scientists are also getting ready to strike at the test sites. But that isn't the best news. I had lunch yesterday with the wife of the Russian Ambassador and she says our idea has caught on in Moscow. The wives of the top Russian officials have already held a big meeting to plan their campaign. Just wait until the Communists try to figure what to do when their women get into the act. The Kremlin will think the Cuban crisis was a fustpot squabble by comparison.

MYRRHINE: Wonderful. Now if the Senate just passes the test-ban bill and the President signs it. . .

L. JONES: Don't worry, he'll sign it. His . . . that is, a, ah, personal friend of mine, an unimpeachable source, you might say, has assured me that he will. There are times when it pays to have a young man in the White House. (The door of the bar opens suddenly, and Lampito Darnell enters in a hurry. She sees Lysistrata and her friends, and rushes to their booth.)

L. DARNELL: Girls, did you hear the news? Senator Socrates has just announced that, and I quote, because of the extreme national concern over nuclear fallout, unquote, he is supporting the test-ban legislation. Furthermore, he predicts that the Senate will pass the bill first thing tomorrow morning.

L. JONES: Hurrah! Girls, we've won. Let's drink to victory.

MYRRHINE: (Leaping to her feet, her glass raised on high.) I don't know how the rest of you feel, but I'm going home! I've got a lot of back business to catch up on.

L. JONES: (As all the women break for the door): Myrrhine, if that's a pun it's a good one. Now girls, take it easy; don't overdo it; just enough to let them know what they've been missing. (The women all rush from the bar, chanting:)

Succumb, succumb!
We gladly will succumb,
Now that you men
Have got rid of the strontium!



"Just remember that a good, cheap oral contraceptive is 'no'."





pictorial essay

DEAR STAY-AT-HOME:

So here I am in Mexico—and aren't you green with envy! Right now I'm getting ready for bed in my super-posh suite at the mucho, mucho luxurious Hotel del Prado in Mexico City. But oh, the places I've been on this trip, the things I've seen and done!

At Xochimilco I shopped in the outdoor bazaar—with much delicious haggling. (The stallkeepers are actually scornful of any would-be buyer who doesn't try to beat down their first price!)



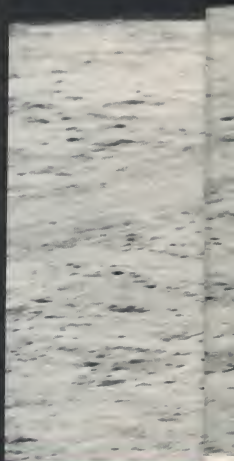




At Acapulco I snubbed the usual tourist traps, to hobnob with the real native fisherfolk there. (I'm wearing what's called an "Acapulco hat" in the picture with the delightful Mexican gentleman. Don't get jealous. He's just explaining to me how they cast those huge nets.)

The Mexican meals—my dear, I couldn't begin to describe them! Let me just aver that there are more elegant restaurants here than in any of our cities north of the border. I shall simply have to fall back on Ry-Krisp and Metrecal as soon as I get home. Nuff said.







And the corrida de toros—excuse me, the bullfights! Talk about thrills! Until now, I was certain sure I could never bear to look at one. But I went, and imagine my surprise when I found myself shouting "Ole!" right along with the local aficionados. And those gorgeous costumes! Magnifico! Perhaps there's really a little bit of Carmen in every girl.

But I think it was much more in (feminine) character for me to go boating among the Floating Gardens in a dear little barge with its name—Josefina—worked in flowers across a flowered canopy.

Anyway, each day here is so wonderfully hectic and full that the first thing I think to do, on returning to my suite at night, is to thankfully take off my shoes. And then I think: why stop with my shoes? And then, inevitably, I think of you. Wish you were here, darling. Too.

*Adoringly,
Your (Senorita) Sandra*

PARISIAN PURGATORY

(continued from page 10)

opened her purse and handed him her money.

"*Quatre cent vingt*," he said, giving it back. "That's about eighty-four dollars."

"Thank you, Bernie. I would have had to spend hours figuring it out."

"Would you like to see some picturesque places?" Bernie said, taking her arm again.

"Oh, I'd so love to. I . . . I just don't think it's right to go in some of the places without an escort." Miss Smythe said. "Will you escort me?" And she felt herself go weak at her own daring.

"I'd love to," Bernie answered, and she saw he was limping.

"Why, Bernie. Is something the matter with your foot? I didn't notice before."

"It's nothing," Bernie said, grimacing with pain. "Just an old operation that kicks up when I walk too much."

"But you mustn't walk then. Let's take the Metro. I took it this morning."

"The Metro's so hot," Bernie said, dragging his foot more markedly. "I prefer the discomfort."

"Well, a taxi?"

Bernie stopped and looked at her sincerely. "A taxi would be fine, Isabel. It's just that . . ." he paused.

"That what?"

"I left my wallet in my hotel room. In another pair of pants."

"But it's only fair that I should pay," Miss Smythe said. "If you're spending your time showing me around."

"I'm glad you see it that way, Isabel," Bernie said, hailing a taxi.

"Carrefour Odeon," he said to the driver, and then, in the back seat, he turned to Miss Smythe and patted her knee. She jumped slightly.

"Now, Isabel," Bernie said. "I'm going to show you some things you probably haven't seen in Boise. No need to be shocked. Just remember that Paris is very informal, and you mustn't be offended if someone forgets himself in front of a lady such as you and says a naughty word."

"I understand, Bernie," Miss Smythe said, thinking how now she would really have something to talk about when she got back to Boise.

"You might give me the money now to pay for the taxi," Bernie said,

"How much do you need, Bernie?"

"Why don't you give me one of those new ten franc notes? That'll be enough to pay for a wine, too."

"Oh, I think I'd just better have a coffee," Miss Smythe said, giving Bernie the money.

"No, Isabel. You must try a punch Martinique. It's the thing to drink."

"But I'm not much for drinking and I . . ." but she quieted as the taxi stopped, and Bernie squeezed her knee again and smiled.

On the narrow sidewalk of Rue Monsieur le Prince, Miss Smythe felt quite breathless and was glad to have the reassuring feel of Bernie's hand on her arm as he guided her through the throngs of people; mostly young people, Miss Smythe noticed, wearing sweat shirts and beards and Levis and wool sweaters even though it was hot.

"This here, Isabel," Bernie said in a low, secretive voice. "This cafe where we're going is called the Monaco. You'll see many strange looking people here." He stopped and the hardness of his stare brought little tinglings around the back of Miss Smith's knees. He's very masculine, she thought. Almost . . . animal. Perhaps I should tell him I'll see all this another day.

"The reason they're strange looking is because they're geniuses. There're many great men and women here. Though they may look young, they're already great."

(She could picture the Faculty Cookout, the first week in September before school opened, evening, and Mr. Nelson would have hung Japanese lanterns around the lawn of his new ranch house and the lanterns, and the barbecue fire, and the stars above would be the only light, as Isabel Smythe, world traveler, intimate consort of Van Gogh and Manet—but they were dead—well, then, Picasso and that girl, what was her name, oh yes, Joan Miro, held the assembly breathless by the barbecue fire. Mr. George, the art teacher, was balancing a hamburger perilously on a spatula, his white chef's hat quivering slightly in the breeze while the handsome Mr. Held of the English Department poised an open hamburger roll beneath the wavering spatula, as Isabel Smythe, majestically twirling the stem of her martini glass, said: "Picasso, why I love his work, simply adore it, but as a man, gracious what a bore—I can assure you from personal acquaintance.")

"Ouch," said Miss Smythe. "Bernie, you're hurting my arm."

"I wasn't sure you were listening to me, Isabel."

"Oh, yes, Bernie."

"I was saying that genius is shy. Shy and suspicious, you dig, Isabel?"

"Certainly, Bernie."

"So in order for them to be alleviated of this suspicion, I think it would be nice if we bought them a drink."

"Yes, Bernie. Why it's the only polite thing to do."

"As I said, my wallet . . ."

"But I understand, Bernie," Miss Smythe said as she reached in her purse.

(It was by the trellis in the rose garden that handsome Mr. Held of the English Department said softly: "Isabel, to think I've overlooked you these past three years. To think I was so lost in the poetry in books, that I missed the lyric of life which is you.")

"I'll take this one," Bernie said, taking a bill that seemed slightly larger than the others. "I'll pay you back, naturally."

"But, Bernie. This is such a joy for me. Might we see Mr. Picasso here?" Bernie lowered his head and kissed her hand lightly.

"(It's a scandal," said Miss Hester Prew of the Mathematics Department. "Imagine Isabel Smythe married to a boy so much younger.") Then Mr. Nelson's voice was thunderous. "I'll thank you to keep your thoughts to yourself, Miss Prew. It happens that Mr. Bernie Buffet is deeply in love with his new wife. And also, he is a man of great genius in . . . in . . . finding talented young artists, a man famous the world over, even if you, in your provincial way, haven't heard of him.")

"Picasso," Bernie said. "I don't know about Pablo. He only comes in once a week or so." Bernie smiled. "Remember now, Isabel. Don't say a word. Trust in me and if some things seem strange, just shut . . . just keep silent, and I'll explain afterward." With that, Bernie took her past some tables on the sidewalk and piloted her through the door of a rather small cafe.

Miss Smythe had never realized how dirty, how unkempt, how poorly-dressed geniuses were. But somewhere, in the shallows of her memory, rose the mists of past articles she had read about Albert Einstein in a

sweatshirt and Thomas Edison without shoes, and she swallowed her surprise in this arena of greatness.

There were only six people seated at the tables in the Monaco and three standing at the bar, yet the cafe was small enough to give the appearance of being crowded. Bernie pulled out a chair for her. She saw a young man with a red beard and shoulder-length hair, his shirt buttonless and open, revealing equally red hair on his chest. He looked at her sullenly. The girl beside him, pale, black eyebrows meeting across the bridge of her nose, blue jeans, a shirt also open revealing a dirty white brassiere, was staring at the ceiling humming. No one said anything to Bernie when they entered.

"Arrhummm," Bernie said, clearing his throat.

No one moved.

"Arrhummm," Bernie said again. "I have a little announcement to make. I have been fishing. Now you must dig my sounds for the fish has bread."

Heads turned. Bernie continued, but his language was so strange that Miss Smythe couldn't understand it.

"Now, like the Final Cool Cat, and I'm coming on in a Christian reference so dig, this fish and this bread can be changed for the multitudes as the Final Cool Cat flipped the same scene many years ago. So draw tight, goof not, and this final square shall be cubed."

The others in the cafe slowly drifted over and sat down at their table.

"You all know me," Bernie said, looking at each person in turn. "I am Bernard Buffet, known to you all as Bernie."

Miss Smythe wondered why he stressed his own name if they knew him so well, but the others regarded Bernie and nodded their bearded heads in unison.

"This is Miss Isabel Smythe. Miss Smythe is a visitor in Paris. She is from Boise, Idaho. She is a school teacher. She has saved all her life to come to Europe and now . . ." Bernie leaned back in his chair and hitched his pants ". . . and now, she is here."

Miss Smythe felt that terrible, inevitable blush coming and lowered her head.

"*Garcon, Bernie cried. "Punch Martinique pour tous."*

The barman slowly shook his head. A glint came into Bernie's eyes. He reached in his pocket and pulled out

the bill that had lately been in the pocketbook of Miss Isabel Smythe of Boise.

"*Garcon. J'ai dit punch Martinique pour tous. J'ai l'argent. Soyez affranchi, hein?"*

Miss Smythe turned her head and saw the barman regarding her quizzically. Then, with a shrug, he put eight glasses on the bar and began making the drinks.

"You don't speak French, Isabel?" Bernie asked.

"Oh, none at all," said Miss Smythe.

"That's a pity," said the girl with the dirty white brassiere and she smiled at Miss Smythe.

"Pablo been in today?" Bernie asked a sallow-faced boy in a cowboy hat.

"Pablo?" the boy said, frowning.

Bernie smiled at Miss Smythe. "Theodore's only been in town a week. He's been writing great poetry in Rome. He doesn't know Picasso well." Bernie turned to the fellow with the shoulder-length hair and red beard. "Pablo been in?" he asked sternly.

"Just missed him, Bernie," the man with the beard said. "He cut out . . . he left, I mean, about five minutes before you and Miss Smythe came."

"But he'll be back, won't he?" Ber-

nie persisted, cocking his head a bit.

"I'm sure he will," the bearded one said.

The drinks were brought and placed on the table. Bernie raised his glass, the others followed suit, and Miss Smythe quickly lifted her own.

"To our new friend, Isabel, and to the Kingdom of Squaredom," Bernie said.

Miss Smythe put the drink to her lips. It was strong, but it was sweet and the sugar stopped her from gagging. Bernie nodded to the barman and then looked at Miss Smythe.

"You wanted to meet someone famous," he said. "This man here," he nodded with his head toward a thin-faced man in a trench-coat, eyes deep-sunk and vacant, who had remained silent, "this is Chuck Baudelaire, the son of the famous poet."

Isabel Smythe's heart skipped a beat. She had never read Baudelaire, but she recalled the name from one of the hundreds of travel brochures she had read. She smiled shyly at the man at the end of the table.

"I'm so pleased to meet you," she said.

"Bonjour," the man grumbled.

"He doesn't speak English," Bernie said. "Finish your drink."

"Oh, but Bernie . . ." Miss Smythe

(turn over)



"Do they have it in demi-tasse?"

begin, then, seeing the faces about her turn suddenly hostile, the I'm-not-used-to-drinking was drowned in her throat as she hastily finished the glass. Almost immediately, another was placed in front of her. She looked up and Chuck Baudelaire grinned at her. She took a sip from the new glass. Her stomach was burning, but there was a warmth that had spread completely under her skin.

(Handsome Mr. Held was breaking a rose from the trellis.

"Isabel, I would give you this rose," said handsome Mr. Held. "It will be more beautiful in your hair than a poem of Baudelaire."

Miss Smythe casually tossed her martini glass over her shoulder.

"Handsome Mr. Held," said Miss Smythe. "Your compliments don't sway me in the least. I knew Baudelaire's son in Paris. As a matter of fact, he was quite enamored with me. He bought me several punch Martiniques and asked for my hand. Handsome Mr. Held, you have one problem. You are too provincial."

"I know that, Isabel," Mr. Held said sorrowfully. "I know I am provincial. But you can teach me. Together, we shall swim madly in the Mediterranean, we shall caress in the cafes of Paris, we shall fondle by the Fountains of Rome, we shall neck in the niches of Nice, we shall cuddle in the coves of Cannes."

And Miss Smythe, coldly: "Handsome Mr. Held. Poetic license is no excuse for vulgarity.")

"Isabel."

Miss Smythe smiled at brave Bernie Buffet. She saw everyone was talking, that there were more at the table. Oh, Lord, she thought, frightened, was I day-dreaming again?

"You feel okay, Isabel?"

"Fine, Bernie. Where's Mr. Picasso?"

"He's coming. He's coming. Listen, Isabel. We have a little party on for tonight. The others want you to come. They like you, Isabel."

Miss Smythe looked at the glass in front of her. It was full. Is this my fourth or fifth, she wondered. Outside the window, the streets were getting dim and Miss Smythe realized that twilight was casting its magic over the City of Love.

(It had been when she entered the classroom. On the blackboard, her face obviously, though the hook in the nose was too pronounced and the lenses of the glasses were too thick,

and to the left, a man on horseback shooting a bullet into her face and underneath, printed: Buffalo Bill's Last Buffalo. Even worse, the paper lying on her green blotter, the petition, signed at the bottom by twenty-five students: We, the undersigned, request that Miss Smythe be removed from her job because of definite unfairness in her relationships with her pupils. We present as proof . . .)

"Isabel," and there was the warm hand of Bernie Buffet on her knee under the table. "Why don't you finish your drink? You don't need to be timid. You're one of us, Isabel Smythe of Boise, Idaho." Bernie's voice seemed very loud, and she couldn't understand why he was smiling in that funny way at the others about the table. *One of you?* Isabel Smythe thought groggily. *Of you?* And suddenly beards and hooded-eyes and hairy chests and dirty brassieres seemed to be advancing on her in formation, an overpowering army of filth . . . yet . . . *one of you? A place where I can belong?*

"Yes, Bernie," Miss Smythe said, and her words seemed apart from her, an echo faintly heard in the noise of the cafe. Noise. She turned her head. The bar was full now.

"Come on, Izzy-baby. We're going for a party," Bernie said.

She felt his hand underneath her arm, and she found herself standing.

"Really, Bernie," she said. "I'm so unaccustomed to drink. I think . . . I believe I'm a bit tipsy."

"No sweat," Bernie said. "We all have to blast out once in a while."

Leaning heavily on Bernie's arm as she walked toward the door, she saw clouds of faces, blank, vacant, grinning, knowing, fly by. Behind her, she heard the scrape of chairs and knew the others were coming. Baudelaire. She had to remember that name. So she could tell Mr. Nelson. He was so kind, Mr. Nelson.

("But no, Isabel. I'm just repeating what some of the parents have said. You stop in the middle of a sentence and seem lost in thought for minutes at a time. No, there's no need to worry, Isabel. You've been with us twenty-three years. We couldn't do without you. But you know how students try and sidetrack a teacher. Perhaps they've gotten you off the subject a bit. Maybe that's why you seem to wander.")

"Bernie, it's dark now, isn't it?"

"Yes, Isabel. It's night."

"Completely gassed," laughed a voice behind them.

"Really stolen."

"Here. Give me your purse, Isabel. You've had a little to drink." Bernie said, taking it. "Mustn't lose our purse, Isabel, old girl."

They were all walking toward the Carrefour Odeon.

"There," Bernie said, pointing toward Rue de l'Ancienne-Comedie. "Over there is the Seine, graveyard of all the unhappy in Paris, graveyard of the disillusioned, the unloved, the hopeless."

"Oh, Bernie," Miss Smythe said, shivering. "Don't talk like that." *Don't talk like that.*

("What you need, Isabel, is a rest. This summer why don't you go to California and relax?")

"But, Mr. Nelson. I've been saving a long time. I've always dreamed of going to Europe. Of spending July in London, England and August in Paris, France."

"Swell, Isabel. You do it. You go to Paris and relax and come back and you'll be just like you used to be—ripsnortin' and ready to go. Yes-iree, Isabel," said Mr. Nelson. "Why you're the best little old history teacher we've ever had here. You just take a good vacation, Isabel, and you'll be as good as new.")

And then there were the taxis and all the young people, the geniuses including Chuck Baudelaire climbing into them and suddenly the doors were shutting, and Isabel looked quickly for Bernie, and there was Bernie in the lead taxi, sitting next to the driver, and the taxis were pulling away.

"So long, Isabel Smythe from Boise. Give my regards to the hicks," cried Bernie and the taxis were gone and Isabel Smythe stood alone.

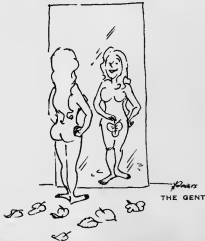
She turned slowly, clapping her hands, dully realizing there was no purse strap, no *filet* strap, in her right hand, and saw a face, a face with gray stubble surrounding a thick mouth, regarding her.

"Oh, I've lost my purse, I've lost my dolls, I must get home," moaned Miss Smythe.

The grizzled face looked at her a moment and then the shoulders below it lifted in a shrug.

"*Comprends pas anglais,*" the mouth said and the shoulders turned and moved away.

door onto the front seat and climbed



A DATE WITH THE WINNER

(Continued from page 27)

He lifted Barbara protectively, found her coat and led her to his car. He noticed as they went out that the stars in the frosty sky were bright as points of needles.

His hand was on the ignition key when he said, as if carelessly, "What did she mean about you and Hank Waltham?"

"Oh, that girl!" Barbara said in a whimper. "That awful girl!"

"What did she mean?"

"You knew I used to date Hank."

"That's not what she meant."

"What does it matter if a little bitch like that accuses me of . . . whatever she accused me of? I don't know."

He could not say: It matters if it is true. He was in judgment, and as Barbara ought to know as well as he, a great deal more than feelings were at issue here and now. Throughout their friendship and now their engagement they had both understood that emotions and wishes might guide other people, but not them. On the night she had taken his pin last spring they had driven a safe forty miles to a motel west of town. Before she had undressed that night she had asked, "Paul, do you think this is . . . necessary?"

She didn't say *wise*, for they both knew it was unwise to spoil their promised future with premature intimacy. But he had answered, "Yes," intending her to understand that they would have this one night together as insurance against slipping again until they were actually married. Barbara's family was as prominent in state politics as Paul's. She was active on campus as a member of the Student Council and secretary of the best sorority. He had three more years of school before they could expect to marry.

Coming home from the motel she said, "At least now you know you're not getting a cold woman."

"Yes," he said. They had had their ceremony, canceling the liberties of the past, binding each of them to wait.

But now, tonight, in the cold car he said, "Perhaps Fawn meant you've dated Hank again since last spring."

"She couldn't know. I haven't," Barbara said.

"Maybe she didn't mean that."

"What if she did? Would you take

that chippy's word against mine?"

He shrugged. He had not meant to shrug. Perhaps he had never realized he might marry a woman whose heartfelt pleas for belief might make him shrug. But at any rate he was suddenly sick to death of words. He would sit someday on a bench where one party and another would come to him with words, words, words that could not possibly all be true. And he would make decisions, make them for others, because decisions had to be made and many were not strong enough to make them for themselves.

But for once in his life he was sick with words. Words had kept him all this time from Barbara. Words had spoiled his fun with Fawn. Words had brought him to the sick uncertainty of whether Barbara might have cheated on their austere bargain. He knew well that she didn't want to marry Hank Waltham. He had no way of knowing she had not quenched her hot impatience with him.

"Wait," he told her. "Stay in the car, I'll be back."

In spite of her scratched face, Fawn was dancing again when he went back through the side door of the basement. When he cut in she moved close against him, grinding as if he had never been away.

"You said any time," he reminded her.

She nodded and raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"Now," he said.

With no coat on, she hurried beside him along the gravel driveway that circled the fraternity house. She started back when she saw Barbara in the car, but Paul's hard grip on her shoulder kept her from protesting. He thrust her through the driver's door onto the front seat and climbed

in after her, so that she rode between them.

Once she said, "I don't get it," but otherwise she submitted to the heavily charged silence in the car. Presumably Barbara didn't get it, either, but she must have guessed how angry Paul was. She had too much at stake to cross him now.

Without haste he drove them through town and onto the highway beyond. At the gate of the city dump he swung his big, discreet car over frozen ruts where garbage trucks had driven. He let it coast to a stop beside the ledge where the most recent loads had been dumped.

When he turned off the headlights, Barbara said, "I might as well tell you before she does. Apparently Hank told her. I was out with him once—just once—right after school started this fall."

"I didn't mean to ask that," Paul said.

"If you want to know whether anything happened . . ." Barbara began. There was a rising note of fear in her voice, but her confidence was not yet quite frayed through. She had been taken care of all her life by people like Paul. She could not believe it was to his interest to leave her on her own now. He needed her for all his plans.

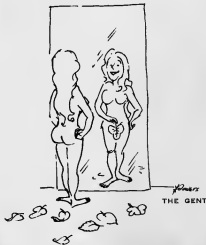
"I didn't mean to ask that either," he said. "You girls wanted to fight for me. No one will stop you here."

"Paul . . . ?" Barbara said. Then she quit believing that he would intervene on her side. In a few minutes he heard her open the car door. The seat on his right rose a little as Fawn slid out after her.

He lit a cigarette and stared straight ahead. Presently he heard the sound of their bodies thrashing amid the broken bottles and tin cans. He heard small, bitter whimpers and the liquid crunching of paperboard cartons.

We're no better than city-dump rats, he thought. He wanted to switch on the lights of his car and drive away alone. All the rest of his life he wanted to be alone. He could not be. He had to be loyal to something—not to the idea of justice, though, for justice was only another word like all of those that could be twisted and degraded.

But he would remain loyal to the conditions he had set, and he had a date with the winner.



"Pick up a *Pravda*, it satisfies," and "Speed up your output, it's norm fulfillment time."

He was to show me how to be a typical Madison Avenue "hockster." He had a wardrobe all ready for me, everything from the *Bratya* Brooks. I learned special advertising man's vocabulary, mostly superlatives and "yes." This wasn't hard; we speak the same way around the Kremlin. Still, there were expressions that were new to me: "I feel it, Comrade Boss, I feel it!" said with the eyes closed in ecstasy; its opposite: "I'm trying hard, Comrade fella, but it doesn't seem to quite reach me," and sometimes: "You *really* think that'll penetrate, Comrade Mac?"

The American defector spoke nostalgically of places I was to be seen in if I were to be unobtrusive: "Jack and Charlie's 21," "Toots Shor's" and other haunts. I gathered they were beer halls where liquor titans made fortunes selling cheap alcohol to stupefied and underpaid "account executives," a stratum of the American proletariat.

Finally the big day dawned. The boys from the office all laughed it up at Moskva Airport when I arrived in my strange garb. I wore a velvet collar coat named after Wall Street's cigarette and garment czar, Lord Chesterfield. The thoroughness of the secret police thrilled me; instead of providing me with the smoke of the class-struggling American industrial masses, they'd given me king size, mentholated cork-tipped cigarettes in a flip-top box. I was a coupon-clipping ad man down to my shorts.

Then the time of departure came and we all got beautifully sentimental. Even the secret policeman gripped my hands with visible emotion. "Go out there and sell, little Comrade," he said, "*sell!*" The girl propagandist kissed me goodbye and said that, upon my return, we might make the Culture Park scene at night. I could feel from the way she pressed me that she really was a healthy Russian girl.

On the seat next to mine in the airplane, they'd placed a month's copies of the *Wall Street Journal* and other papers. My hands shook as I picked up the first issue. So here it was: the official secret paper for America's moguls! I was enthralled

as I read about the machinations of the financial tycoons. But it was obvious that it was written in code. All kinds of words I had never heard before: bulls and bears, boiler rooms, odd lot, no par, proxy, short sale, puts and calls, and broad tape. It was insidious. I shook my head at this gibberish and could only hope that the boys in the code room had broken it down. I moved to pick up *Variety*, which turned out to be an ethnic minority language paper I also, unfortunately, could not understand.

After I arrived in New York and had infiltrated for about a week, I sent my first report back to Moscow:

Comrades:

Is strange place, this America. Is overrun by capitalists. I have searched and searched for workers, but they must be kept in secret enclosures. How can we liberate starving masses until we find them?

But back to Madison Avenue. With the forged papers and phoney portfolio, I got good job with ad agency Samuels, Heatherington, Coates, Knapp, and Schott. They are all ex-Senators who got defeated for re-election. They have large staff, but even the girls are capitalists. It is a horrible place to work, Comrades, and I wish I were back in the home office.

Through a secret letter drop, I soon received an answer. It was just a short note.

Dear Little Comrade Agent:

We are happy that you are unhappy among the capitalists. We were worried you might like it. Good you should be miserable. It is Slavic and, anyway, we are losing too many of our people.

How about approaching the five moguls you work for and ask them if they want the co-existence account?

Well, it took a bit of doing, trying to keep my true identity secret while pushing the Kremlin peace account, but I did it. I acted mysterious and told Samuels, Heatherington, Coates, Knapp and Schott that I had been "approached" and that if they insisted on more information, I could always take my account out of the shop and set up my own agency. You see, I had already learned a thing or

two from the Americans. It was a lot of fun for me; in Russia, you don't walk off with an account. It is likely to walk off with you.

I was made account executive and assembled a small staff to work up final plans. I wrote to Moscow:

Dear Comrades:

We are pulling out all stops here on co-existence account presentation. I want you should be warned of this. You must adopt what capitalists call flexible attitude.

It is not what we are used to in Russia. It does no good here to say, "co-exist, or else. . ." The capitalists just laugh at you. I don't know what the working masses would say; as a matter of fact, I haven't found them yet. But I'm still looking.

This is not going to be soft sell. We're going to clobber them, as they say. The ad men tell me we shouldn't worry; the peasants will love it. Of course, I haven't found any peasants yet, but the country must be teeming with them, because the ad men talk about them all the time. Also the great unwashed, and I am looking for these too.

Please give Serge Sergeevitch at the Solidarity Men's Bar my regards. Tell him I miss the vodka. Here you can only get Czarist vodka, made by monarchist emigres, and you know me, fellas, I wouldn't touch a drop of that!

The art department sketched out a few ads. There was a picture of Khrushchev holding a glass of red wine, toasting the viewer with a big, if somewhat silly, grin. "Co-existence," the caption read, "not too sweet, just sweet enough." There was another version of the caption which read, "Co-existence, so thick you can almost cut it with a knife," but I rejected that.

We tried to personalize the Krém-lin. "Just folks" was our approach. Mrs. Khrushchev we presented as a sort of Muscovite *Molly Berg*, nice and homey. There was no kidding ourselves; try as we might, we'd never make her into a Soviet Jackie.

We even took some shots of the anti-party group: Molotov, Kaganovich, and the others, queuing up for unemployment compensation, just to show that they were still around and

(turn to page 68)



pictorial essay

Of course you've heard the antique joke about the Indian greeting the mermaid: "How . . ."

□ Well, there *is* one way to make a mermaid, and that is to work from the ground—or water—up. The absolutely essential ingredient is a beauteous lass like our Dominique Boschero, an up-and-coming young Italian movie starlet. Mix in a kooky costume designer, a conference-roomful of imaginative ideas and a dressing-roomful of make-up experts. □ The result, out of its natural element here on dry land, looks uncomfortably like a pretty girl about to compete in a rather dressy potato-sack race. But trundle her down to the Sicilian seaside (via stretcher, because she can't walk in that get-up) and all of a sudden she *belongs!* Fin-tailed Dominique might have swum right out of a briny mythology. □ What's the purpose of this grafting-together of

HOW TO MAKE A MERMAID

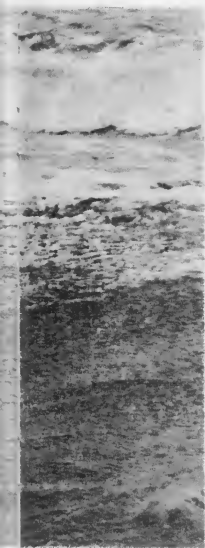


PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOROSS/GLOBE

maiden and mackerel? It's all for art, gents. Dominique might have mermaid in a forthcoming film based on sailors' yarns. It's entitled "The Crazy Sea" and it will feature, besides our finny filly, Gina Lollobrigida and Jean Paul Belmondo. Thomas Milian is the simple fisherman who has the enviable good luck to find this sea-nymph washed up on



the beach. □ It's something of a pity that our Dominique's long, lovely and lookable legs have to be sacrificed to encasement in her pink-sequin-scaled, delicately arabesqued caudal appendage. But we—and presumably the mermen—can be grateful that there's a mighty pleasing and pretty portion of her still perfectly—oh, so perfectly—visible!



The word sinister originally meant left-handed . . . and there is surely a very left-handed knack to

Growing old gracefully in Hollywood, California

The moment of awakening is worst. Before the shell is adjusted in place, before the defenses are painfully rebuilt, comes the private terror of every man. Another day in the cage, searching for the door. □ Joe lay quiet, waiting for the first shock to subside, to become the dull queasiness that could be safely ignored. The house was quiet; that meant Rachel was already at school. Probably Beth was doing the shopping. Better get up and get out before she comes back. He didn't feel like answering questions this morning. □ His cheek muscles were tense from containing the acrid taste in his mouth as he stumbled into the bathroom, blinking his eyes to clear them, but the mirror and the basin remained fuzzy. With his mouth cleansed and his face swabbed with cold water he felt better; good enough to actually face the world. He put his contact lenses in place and stared at himself in the mirror. Never notice, unless they really look closely. Funny how few people ever look you right in the eye, especially if they find you looking right at them. That's the secret; look at them first. □ Back in the bedroom, his face still tingling from the electric razor, he opened the top drawer and took out a clean shirt. No, he thought, answering Beth's inevitable question, (*turn over*)

fiction

KEN KOLB



ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN RICHARDS

I can't wear the same shirt two days, even if it looks clean to you. An agent with a dirty shirt is dead, and twenty cents a day won't kill us. Then he was sorry for talking in that tone to her image in his mind, for he truly loved his wife.

As he buttoned the shirt, Joe scanned the penciled list on the bedside table. Raoul. Oh, hell, not today. Put him off somehow. Simonds. Might be a chance to peddle some talent there if he got his budgee okayed. Guild minimum, but what the hell, better than nothing. Bill Croft. Have to give him five minutes today, just to cheer him up. Maybe that western in trouble at Columbia could use him on a rewrite. Have to check that.

Joe's eyes strayed back to the first name on the list. Raoul. Damn. Might as well get him out of the way today. Cut it off short. He started for the door, but turned back to grab the phone. Dialing Simonds' number, he lit the first cigarette of the day. It felt good to be at work; it kept you from thinking.

Silence. Soothing, cooling, discreet silence—that's what makes a district luxurious. Silence reigned triumphant as Joe turned the corner down the narrow Beverly Hills street lined with tall hedges on both sides. Out of deference to the quiet of wealth he shut off the key and glided the half block to the dead-end of the alley.

He sat in the open convertible for a moment after he had stopped, inhaling the odors of wet grass, blooming flowers, and the ever-present bite of the smog. Soothing were the faint sounds from beyond the hedges; the plop of the tennis ball on the court, then the faint pung of the racket, then plop, pung again. Beyond that, farther and fainter, came the thunk of the diving board and the splash into the pool. Against the dark of his closed eyes he suddenly saw the trim buttocks, the high round breasts caressed by the cool water, water filtered and purified, constantly circulated and kept at an exact temperature.

Suddenly and without warning Joe was bitterly angry, not at the possessors of such wealth as surrounded him, but at people like Raoul. For the owners he felt not even envy, but only a vast respect, almost a reverence. Some day, he thought, some day.

He lit a cigarette to quell the taste of gall rising in him, started to flick

the match onto the strip of manicured lawn, then placed it carefully in the car ashtray instead. Damn Raoul and all the other bums and leeches that gravitated to places like this. What was the matter with them that they could stand to exist as parasites in the midst of this opulence? How could they see all this and not be choked with desire and ambition? How could they face the knowledge of their minuscule talents in the presence of real success?

Raoul was sprawled in a wicker chair beside the court, his long tan frame draped over the chair arms in an attitude of complete casualness. Like he owned the damn place, thought Joe bitterly. On the court a long-legged blonde in tight yellow shorts was playing against a bronze young man with wavy hair of a startling silver-gray. The long legs stretched as she rushed to the net and put his soft shot away with a sharp cross-court forehand. "Very nice!" said Raoul approvingly.

"Yeah, she is," said Joe quietly, dropping into the chair beside Raoul. "You knock her off yet?"

"Right after the next set," said Raoul. "Gimme a cigarette."

Joe flicked his lighter open and extended the flame. "How you fixed for spit?"

"Plenty, thanks." Raoul inhaled deeply, then exhaled with satisfaction. Joe permitted himself a few seconds of watching the yellow shorts, then he looked steadily at Raoul, who pretended not to notice. Okay, try the needle.

"You won't make it with her, Dick will."

Raoul grinned. "Don't you know? He doesn't like girls."

"I guess that's why he's such a friend of yours. Why does he dye his hair that fruity shade?"

"He thinks he looks like Jeff Chandler." Raoul inhaled deeply again on the cigarette. "I cap on that—I look like Tyrone Power."

"You look like Freddie the free-loader to me." Joe paused a second, then said with calculated cruelty, "If I couldn't buy a decent pair of tennis shoes, I'd keep my damn feet on the ground so the holes wouldn't show."

Raoul sucked deeply on the cigarette again, not deigning to reply, but in a moment he casually shifted his position, sitting up in the chair and facing Joe. "All right," he said, "let's get it over with."

"Right. It's all over so far as I'm concerned. And I wish you lots of luck with your new agent."

"Don't you want to hear my side of it?"

"I know your side of it. The part wasn't right for you because it wasn't the lead in a wide-screen technicolor feature opposite Sophia Loren. It was just a good job in a steady series on the world's biggest network."

"It was the second heavy!" complained Raoul.

"You damn right it was! Because you're too handsome to be the first heavy, and not handsome enough to be the hero!"

"I've played plenty of leads before," said Raoul, offended.

"So has Francis X. Bushman, but times change!" Joe was really getting burned. "I know you're independently rich. You just bum fags and wear ragged shoes to put off the panhandlers. You can afford to lose your ninety per cent of the damn scale, which is more than you're worth, but I worked hard for my ten per cent, and I want it! I brown-nosed all the way from the gate guard through the casting director to land you that spot, then you blow the deal because you'd rather be smuggling some no-talent blonde in a swimming pool dressing room!"

There was a long moment of silence. Joe stared off across the rolling lawn toward the pool. Sure enough, there was the nice round rear and big fronts in a white bathing suit that barely held them all. Another chick came out of the dressing cabana and stood gazing at the pool. Same thing, in a blue bikini. Too many, too many for any man.

"She's not a no-talent blonde," said Raoul coolly.

"She's the world's greatest actress," said Joe. "I saw her in all three of her pictures, but I liked the one for the shampoo better than the two about that wonderful new washday detergent. Well, pardon me, but I got a living to make."

Raoul let Joe get out of his chair and take two steps before he said quietly, "I've got a live one, Joe."

Joe hesitated, fighting his instincts. Then, reluctantly, he turned back. "Make it fast."

"Sit down," said Raoul. Joe sat down.

"Now that you've had your little tantrum, let me explain why I didn't take that moldy job." Raoul paused



"How did you enjoy the book, sir?"

for effect. He was really enjoying himself.

"It just so happens that I'm a director now, not an actor."

"I'm a child star, myself," said Joe.

Raoul ignored him. "I've found a property, and I've had a lawyer check it through to be sure that it's in public domain. The copyright's expired."

"You hired a lawyer?" Joe was incredulous.

"My sister's husband," said Raoul. "He agreed to take a small percentage, which he'll never get. Anyhow, it's a great little cops-and-robbers story that I can shoot with half a dozen sets and two weeks on exteriors. I can bring it in for seventy thousand, I'm positive."

Joe stood up again, searching his pockets diligently. "Gee, I'm sorry," he said, "but I must have left the seventy thousand in my other pants."

"I said I had a live one, didn't I? Don't get so damn cynical. The producer of my little feature is going to be Neal Morfit."

"He's a producer?" Joe snorted.

"He's got twelve million dollars. Or rather, his wife has," said Raoul, "and he can get hold of some of it easy enough. All you've got to do is make us a deal that leaves me free to work, and you've got twenty per cent of the picture."

"Forty per cent," said Joe.

"Thirty," said Raoul. "We'll have to give Morfit at least twenty per cent for putting up the money."

"Right. That leaves forty for you and forty for me," said Joe.

"Other agents work for ten per cent."

"So do I, usually. But any time I talk somebody out of seventy grand on the strength of an over-age story and a director with no credits, I take more. Talk him out of it yourself."

Raoul shrugged grandly. "All right, all right. All I want is a chance to show that I've got it. I'm not trying to get rich all at once."

"I am," said Joe. "You take the fame, I'll take the cash."

"I told Morfit you'd call him this afternoon," said Raoul. He stood up, stretching to show his tanned arms. The blonde was coming off the court.

"I'll call him, all right," said Joe. "Listen, doesn't the old jerk who owns this place get tired of having it look like the unemployment office?"

Raoul grinned. "He likes to have the young ginch hanging around. And they won't stay without a few playmates. I suppose the old boy gets his goodbyes by watching what goes on in the dressing rooms. Or maybe he just remembers when he was a young, struggling actor."

Joe nodded bleakly. "Okay, struggle," he said. He turned and walked quickly down the flagstone path, thinking: I hope the punk gets a dose today.

"Try to understand," pleaded Neal Morfit. "I was so poor." Tears stood in his large, pale-blue eyes. He gulped at his Scotch.

Joe understood. One corner of his agile mind was even wondering if he might have taken that way out himself, under the circumstances.

But no, no—not if it meant marrying a pig like that. He stared long at the picture Morfit held before him, wondering what the hell to say. What do you say when someone shows you a wedding picture featuring a living, breathing gargoye? And Neal, poor handsome fragile little Neal, cringing at her side, trying on an ingratiating don't-blame-me look.

"Quite a woman," said Joe finally. "And fantastically jealous," Neal moaned. "Of other women."

Which explains why you have acquired your reputation as a man's man, thought Joe. If the only woman available to you looks like *that*, then even a pro football guard would take on a certain seductive charm. And as for a handsome young male starlet like Raoul—well! Joe knew just

(turn to page 69)



"How did you enjoy the book, sir?"

AND HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE GENT? Tremendously, we trust. But aren't you sorry for all the issues you've missed—full of rib-ticklers like the cartoon above, scintillating reading matter, mind-provoking articles on the modern scene, and perky portfolios of photogenic femmes! Mind you now, it's a mere matter of mailing this coupon, to make sure you never miss another.

6/63 Remittance must accompany order.

THE GENT
505 EIGHTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK

(check one)

☐ Please send me six issues for \$3.60

☐ Please send me twelve issues for \$7.00

☐ Please send me eighteen issues for \$10.00

name _____

address _____

city _____

zone _____

state _____

SANG - FROID

The French expression *sang-froid* literally means “cold blood.” But, applied to an Englishman, it means vast composure, coolness under fire, unwavering aplomb. □ Certainly, this attribute is never more evident than in that imperturbable epitome of *sang-froid*, the English butler. Nothing—from the War of the Roses to the Nazi Blitz to the Common Market—has ever ruffled his urbane serenity. Nothing ever will. No request made of him is too extreme, no order too demanding. □ “A faithful and good servant,” as Martin Luther observed four centuries ago, “is a real godsend; but truly ‘tis a rare bird in the land.” □ Just so, the patience, fortitude and stoicism so necessary to the honorable calling of butler is becoming almost extinct in our own age of hustle, commotion and neurosis. The true-blue English butler is getting fewer and farther









between. Hence we hasten to commemorate him here, before he vanishes forever. □ Observe the majestic presence that can make kitchen maids tremble in awe and tradesmen quail, the icy hauteur that can make baronets squirm in consciousness of their inferiority. □ Regard how offhandedly and expertly he copes with any emergency from a lost collar stud to the sudden appearance of Lady Cholmondeley's ghost in the east wing of the manse. □ Note his impeccability of attire, manner and manners. □ And if the butler's lady chooses, on a whim, to motor to the ancestral forest for a champagne breakfast and a refreshing dip *au naturelle*, well, it's all in the day's work for the proper—veddy veddy proper—butler. □ Whatever giddy notion might strike his mistress, he at least will keep the stiff upper lip, bite the bullet, hold the fort, preserve the formalities. □ Yes, English lords and ladies may indulge whatever foolish fancies they please, but the English butler will maintain his *sang-froid* from this day forward to the ending of the world.



I WAS A CAPITALIST . . .

(continued from page 56)

to prove that times really had changed.

Of course, the Americans wanted girls. I asked Moscow.

Comrades:

The Americans say get sex into co-existence. How about it?

I got an answer almost immediately.

Dear Little Comrade Hockster Agent:
Sensational!

It was a change, you can bet your bottom *kopeck* on that! At home our girls are big. I mean big and healthy, like my little propagandist. In the words of the Cuban peace fighters, *solida*. Here? Well, after I saw my first fashion model I hurried to cable Moscow.

Comrades:

Finally I found the starving proletariat! They are all *mannequins*, how you say it, models. They claim they're liberated, but they ain't.

Send the girls in the home office my regards. I miss them.

Everything was humming. I finally convinced the boys we needed bigger girls. After a while, we found one and had her pose in a black persian lamb cossack hat and a black persian lamb bikini. She looked mighty good. We called her "Miss Russian Heroic Peace Offensive" but then someone said the newspapers, or *blatts* as they're called, might shorten it to "Miss Offensive" and so we changed the name to "Miss Co-existence." Her partner, an equally healthy girl, we called "Miss Peace." Her we put in a Russian broadtail bikini.

When we had the presentation pretty well finalized. I sent it along to Russia. There was no time to waste. I got an answer by return mail.

Dear Hockster Agent:

The presentation is sensational! The new girls look fine. As a matter of fact, they look mighty fine! Can you promote goodwill cultural exchange tour of bikini beauties through Soviet Union?

My answer was quick and succinct.

Dear Comrades:

Bikini girl models get fifty dollars an hour. Two hundred rubles.

A week later, I got my next communication—that one from the secret policeman.

Comrade!

Never mind models. What about disintegrator ray guns? What about cosmic equalizers? What you think you're on: a pleasure jaunt?

I went to work immediately. I investigated exhaustively. Finally my report was ready.

Comrades:

Disintegrator ray guns, cosmic equalizers are all available. So are small rings with secret codes, Dick Tracy wrist watch radios, and other fantastic capitalist inventions. But they will cost money.

Answer:

Comrade Madison Avenue *Provocateur*:

Never mind expenses. We haven't invented anything since space travel. Send all you can so we can patent.

It turned out be quite a job, more than I expected. But everyone was counting on me. I worked late every night. Finally, I answered the last Moscow message.

Dear Comrades:

This is very strange country. Even children have these new weapons, together with some designs so fantastic we might as well *really* try to co-exist. It is apparent that America is about to invade space with thousands of tiny astronauts. Little children have plexiglass helmets, space gear, rocket packs, everything. I tell you they are ready.

About weapons. Seems breakfast food manufacturers are covers here for munitions plants. Both deadly weapons and cereals are made in same plant, maybe in same vats. But to get weapons is necessary to have device called box tops. Am shipping you cereal boxes so you can send in.

By the way, let me know what code that secret ring breaks.

I started shipping out crates of breakfast cereals. By the thousands. One thing I learned in America: If you're going to do it, do it *big*!

Finally I got a reaction from the home office.

Dear Comrade:

As you see from the letterhead, we are not at same address. Old office space is filled to ceiling with cereal boxes. It has caused consternation.

We mailed out box tops and yesterday the returns came in. Now we have thirty-five thousand space helmets in the office. Also, official FBI Junior G-Man badges. These we can give to secret agents, but what to do with helmets? How many cosmonauts do you think we have?

As for secret code ring, we are still working on that. It does not seem to decipher anything, but it looks nice. I am wearing one right now. Also space helmet, just to get it out of the way. But I am only one; what to do with remaining 34,999 helmets?

A week later I got another communication.

Dear Infiltrator-Agent:

Little Comrade brother hockster, you are sensational! We got idea to try and eat strange things inside cereal boxes, since tops were off anyway. Is wonderful. Serge Sergeevitch at Solidarity Men's Bar serves them to nibble on.

Space helmets are disappearing from office. Yesterday I saw little boy wearing one on street. Is crazy, but looks cute.

As for disintegrator ray guns and cosmic equalizers, we have top scientists working to figure them out. They make humming noise, but so far haven't disintegrated or equalized anyone. We are still trying.

Also, we are still working on code ring.

Well, that's just about the end. I told Samuels, Heatherington, Coates, Knapp, and Schott I had to go away for a while. I wrote Moscow, asking should I report in person.

Comrade!

Yes. Next plane. Economy class. Don't try funny defector act.

I took the next plane. When it pulled in at Moskva Airport and taxied up the ramp, the boys from the office were waiting for me. At first I didn't recognize them. The secret policeman had on a plexiglas space helmet and a disintegrator ray gun was strapped to his hip. Comrade Vanya from the copy department carried an equalizer. The girl propagandist hugged me and I saw she wore a Dick Tracy wrist watch radio. I noticed that they all wore secret code rings too.

The secret policeman rushed up to me as I stood by the plane. "Comrade," he said, gripping me by the shoulders, "you are wonderful! Wonderful peace publicity, new inventions which we shall soon figure out, and you bring back hockster techniques."

He was silent for a moment, closing his eyes in ecstasy. "And the breakfast food!" He pulled a box of cereal out of his overcoat pocket and offered me some. The others helped themselves too. We munched in silence as we walked to the terminal building.

All you could hear was snap, crackle, pop.

1

GROWING OLD . . .

(continued from page 63)

where they stood now, and it had only taken three drinks. "Let me freshen that up for you," he said, taking Neal's glass. He scuffed his way across the inch-deep carpet to the corner bar of Morfit's office. Neal sat at the bleached free-form desk, content to be waited on. He had given up so much, so much, but now his world was full of servants, and he used them. Everyone wanted the money he had so painfully acquired, so let them slave for it. Sometimes, out of a whim, he even let loose of a bit of this very precious money to some sycophant who pleased him. This agent was different, somehow, from the others. Beneath the shell of Neal Morfit, the baroquely handsome, sentimental, effeminate slob, some acute inner bookkeeper poised warily, awaiting the contest.

Joe set Neal's drink down on the desk before him, raised his own in a toast, and said: "To marriage for

money—the only honest motive." Neal, a bit gratified, drank. Joe sat easily on the edge of the desk, his position putting his eyes a foot or so above Neal's.

"Raoul says he wants you to finance his picture," said Joe. "But I'm afraid I can't agree to it. I can't let him put friendship before his best business interests."

"What do you mean?" said Neal, sitting up.

"Nothing personal, please understand that," said Joe. "I know that Raoul thinks a lot of you, and I don't want to hurt your," he paused very slightly, "relationship. But as his agent I have to make the best deal I can. I'm sorry to do you out of a nice little profit, but after all," he allowed himself to smile, "you don't really need the money."

"I don't follow you," said Neal. "The way I heard it, Raoul is the one who needs the money. My money. I said I might just possibly—possibly, you understand—cooperate, if the property was interesting enough."

"Good," said Joe. "I'm glad your heart wasn't set on it. I hated to break the news to you that we didn't need you."

Neal took a long pull at his drink. "But I was talking to Raoul just this morning," he said.

Joe laughed. "It isn't morning any more. The property turned out to be interesting enough, as you put it. I had three offers before the day was

out, and I grabbed the best one."

"Three offers in one day?" said Neal, incredulous.

"Look, Neal," said Joe gently. It was the first time he had tried the first-name bit, but it went over perfectly. "This town is full of money, you haven't got it *all*. And some guys made their pile by producing pictures. When they see a hot opportunity—which is rare enough—they don't sit around scratching the back side of their hips and saying maybe."

There was a moment of silence. Joe drank, hoping that the change of attack had been timed right.

Neal Morfit drained his Scotch, then banged the glass down on the table in the most authoritative gesture he ever permitted himself. "Raoul spoke to me first about financing the picture. You've no right to make any deal until I have a chance to meet any terms you're offered."

Joe shrugged. "Okay, just for the record, I'll give you the chance. But I knew it was no sense in waiting, because Raoul told me he offered you a third of the picture for seventy thou."

"Forty per cent," said Neal.

Joe laughed. "That kid must really like you. Well, probably it's better not to let money interfere with such a beautiful friendship." Joe finished his drink and slid off the desk. "It was a pleasure meeting you, Neal."

(turn over)



THE GENT

"That's my son, the impersonator . . . !"



ONE SET
S M or L
\$2.95
THREE FOR
\$7.95

Pristine white, passionate scarlet or dedicated black—you know her best. But you'll know her even better after you gift her with a set of these 40-denier nylon panties. They come in a simulated-patent-leather box that she can keep your indiscreet letters in.

THE GENT

505 EIGHTH AVE., NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

I've got just the Gal. size ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L.

name

street

city zone state

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER • 6/63

Maybe some other time we can—"

"Now just a minute," said Neal, waving a beautifully manicured hand. Joe suppressed a flash of distaste at the mannerism. Now the hook was set, but good. Now to play him, play him. Joe got out a cigarette and lit it, seeming to think things over, while Morfit went on to protest at the high-handed way he had been treated.

"I'll tell you the terms," said Joe, finally, "but not the source. We're getting a hundred thou for a fifteen per cent cut."

"Rose petals," said Morfit. "If you mean bull petals, not so," said Joe. "Drop in at my office tomorrow morning and I'll show you the check. Certified."

Morfit was jarred by the absolute certainty of Joe's voice. His hand convulsively stroked the sleeve of his cashmere sport jacket. The acute inner bookkeeper, now drunk, rubbed his hands greedily. "Have you signed any papers yet?" asked Neal.

Joe set his drink on the desk. "Not me," said Joe, grinning. "I get the money first, then I sign papers."

"Then there's still time for us to discuss the matter," said Neal.

An hour and two more drinks later, Joe sat on the desk, holding a check in one hand and a hastily typed sheet of paper in the other. Joe finished reading the typed sheet, then shook his head. "I don't think I can sign this, Neal. Not in all good conscience. Here, take your check back." Joe thrust the check at him, but Neal waved it away.

"We've agreed," he said thickly. "Gentlemen's agreement. Signing just a formality. Go ahead, sign."

"But what about the certified check I took from—?" He was careful to put that *certified* in there. Make Neal feel his money was inferior.

"Give it back!" said Morfit. "Give it back tomorrow morning. You haven't signed anything yet, you said so yourself. Give it back! My money's good as theirs. Better!"

Joe bent over the desk and signed the typewritten agreement, then pushed it across to Neal, who took it with an air of triumph. Joe opened his genuine calfskin coat wallet and slipped Morfit's check in beside the lone tattered five dollar bill.

"Now let's have a drink and think of a name for our picture," said Neal, overcome with the creative joy of being a producer.

"Well," said Joe, "just a half, for the road!"

Joe's mind was still planning as he swung the convertible into the driveway of the low stucco house. Get to the bank the minute it opens tomorrow morning, and we're safe enough. Even if Neal changes his mind, he



THE GENT

won't wake up before noon, with the hangover he'll have. Wonder if he sleeps in the same room with that gargantua? Something to wake up to. No wonder he gets drunk with shyster agents and cries in every drink.

Suddenly a long vista of the work ahead opened itself to Joe's mind: showing him the endless bickering with Morfit, the mean arguments with Raoul, the sheer hours of drudgery involved in translating a worn-out, public-domain pulp magazine story into nine reels of film. But, to hell with it! His ambition was equal to the task, more than equal, equal if it were ten times as hard. The dilettante producer, the idiot director, the stale story—he had them all. But he also had a hundred thousand dollars and forty percent of the finished product. He could even put one of his own writers on the script. Ten percent of five thou, five hundred anyhow as a sure thing from the day's work. But already the sum seemed paltry to him. Now he was in the big money, on the way at last. The one break everybody needs had come up at last, and it was Raoul of all people, a crummy poolside parasite, who had thrown it in his lap.

The door slammed shut behind him and he was halfway across the small kitchen before he realized that he was home.

"Your supper's on the stove," Beth called from the living room. "We gave up and ate an hour ago." Joe carefully restrained himself from answering. "You could have phoned, you know," said Beth plaintively.

Still Joe did not answer, knowing that his silence this time would set up the barrier between them, the barrier that was becoming all too familiar. A rush of feeling for Beth, a genuine instant of love, choked him, but he fought it down. His emotions were a luxury he could not afford. There was too much to think about, too much to do.

He took the pan from the stove, poured the contents into the sink, turned on the water and flicked the switch of the disposal unit. Under the grinding roar of the blades he reached for the bottle in the cupboard and poured himself a stiff shot. He knew what Beth would say, but he knew what he was doing, too. Once you set your foot on the long path, you can't eat warmed-over stew for dinner, not ever again.

AN ABOMINABLE SNOW JOB

(continued from page 24)

tion and almost followed poor old Harry. Thereafter I crouched. Sleeping was a fitful thing at best. When I awoke on the morning of the third day, I almost died of fright. Hanging out over a precipice some ten feet above me was a hairy, grotesque head. It was looking at me. Needless to say, I screamed. The head disappeared. A minute later it reappeared slowly and shook disapprovingly.

"An Abominable Snowman," I gasped. The head nodded.

"Hi," it said. It's fantastic the way a man's mind works under improbable circumstances. I lay there and thought that if I had to be eaten, at least it would be in English. I closed my eyes.

"Psst," came down from above. I turned on my stomach and folded my arms around my head.

"Psst." The thing was persistent. "What?" I inquired without unfolding my arms.

"Throw up the end of the rope," it suggested. I unwound a little and looked up again. Nothing had improved.

"Why?" I inquired stupidly.

"I'll pull you up," it said.

"The hell you will," I told it. "As soon as I'm able to crawl I'm going down that way." I pointed over the edge of the cornice.

"That's ridiculous," the Snowman said.

"Not as ridiculous as throwing you the end of my rope," I said distinctly. At that, another head joined the first one.

"He won't come up," my early buddy told the newcomer. "Maybe you can lower me down to him."

"Ho, ho!" I laughed hollowly, getting to my knees. "If it's anything I hate, it's a crowded ledge in the Himalayas. See you again."

"Now just you stop that," the second Snowman ordered; but the voice was warmly feminine. We had been joined by an Abominable Snowwoman. Except for her voice, you'd never know it. They were alike as two hairy peas in a pod.

"Carl will not hurt you," she said.

"Carl will make me hurt myself," I informed her. "Look, why don't you two go make Abominable Snowman tracks somewhere?"

"It's tiresome," she said. "And

you are being silly. Now throw up that rope."

I crawled to the edge, looked over, took a deep breath, reconsidered, and threw up the rope. They hauled me up like I was a tender mountain radish and they hadn't eaten in a month. As soon as I reached level ground and untied the rope from around my waist, I turned and ran like blue blazes without thanking either of the two Himalayan monkeys. Down ice slopes, over treacherous snow bridges, and across crevasses I leaped until, breathless, I flung myself behind a tower of ice. After a few minutes I peered cautiously around the left shoulder and watched for any sign of an approaching Abominable Snowman. Suddenly I realized there was a slight pressure and warmth against my right leg. I refused to look and finally a hairy elbow nudged me.

"Do you think Carl will find us behind this *serac*?" she inquired, her voice vibrant with the fun and excitement of the game.

"Assuming Carl has 20-20 vision

"I GOT
MY JOB
THROUGH

The
New York
Times."



and judging from the inadequate width of this little pillar of ice, I imagine he can't miss your rump sticking out on that side," I said unhappily. The Snowwoman giggled and wriggled a little closer to me.

"Is that better?" she asked.

"Much," I answered. It wasn't better at all, but I was too tired to run any more. From over a little hillock of snow, Carl's voice floated.

"Ninety-nine, one hundred! Here I come, ready or not."

The first thought that struck me was that Carl cheated. If he had counted to one hundred back at the cornice, he couldn't possibly be lurking just over the little hill now.

"He counts by fives, and peeks too," she whispered. An Abominable Snowman is bad enough but a dishonest Abominable Snowman is unbearable. I buried my face in the snow and even pushed snow into my ears. The two of them picked me up and carried me off.

"He doesn't want to play any more," she told him. "You cheated."

"I did not," he insisted. They



"I've been with you for twenty years, now all of a sudden you want me to learn shorthand and typing!"

argued all the way to the pass. We went through the narrow col and I caught my breath. A short distance down the slope the snow ended and green grass began. The sun beat heavily down on the lush valley and a little stream winked back at me through the trees.

"Shangri-la," I gasped.

"No," Carl said. "That's much farther north."

I turned to ask more questions and had to swallow hastily. They were skinning themselves. Actually they used zippers and the bulky, hairy monkey suits came off quickly.

"I'm Vanessa," she smiled, as naked as she could be. "And he is Carl."

I didn't look at Carl because I was looking at Vanessa. I had never seen a five foot three, golden tan, 34-22-32, blonde Abominable Snowwoman before. She flicked an ingeniously-hidden Kleenex from her bosom, put out her dainty hand, and wiped a small hint of drool from my lower lip. I turned to Carl, who was disgustingly naked. He held his hand out and I shook it.

"It's hot down there," he announced. "Take off your anorak and let's be on our way." I heard Vanessa breathing behind me and that reminded me of her Kleenex dispenser.

"I'm still a little chilled from that stay on the ledge," I explained as they hid the Snowman suits in a little cave. "I'll take it off when I warm up a bit."

Inside my windproof hooded jacket I was sweating fiercely as I unhooked my crampons from my boots.

"Lead on," I announced gayly. Vanessa stepped forward. Carl motioned me to go next and he brought up the rear. Following Vanessa downhill was an experience I'll never forget. Once she turned.

"Whenever you want to stop and take those heavy clothes off, just yell," she said. I laughed and nodded. She took up the lead again and I sloshed behind as the perspiration ran down and gathered in my boots. When we reached the brook by the hut, I collapsed on the bank and splashed cold mountain water on my face.

"Get 'em off," Carl ordered. "You'll die of heat prostration dressed like that."

By now I was so exhausted it made little difference. Soon I looked no different from the Abominable Snowman.

"That's much better," Vanessa said, with more enthusiasm than seemed warranted. I turned my back casually, remembered an unsightly and unfor-

tunately located pimple, and faced front again. Ultimately I kneeled on one knee and rested an elbow on the other. Vanessa shrugged—and that was another sight to see.

"I'll go in and fix lunch," she said. We had mountain trout, potatoes and green beans from the garden on the south side of the little hut. The stove was woodburning, and the utensils and furniture, they told me, came from ancient caravans which had perished and a few crashed airplanes. Carl and Vanessa were Abominable Snowpeople by heredity. Their respective parents had died quite a while ago on a track-making jaunt when an avalanche caught them. Making the best of things, Carl and Vanessa had taken over the little hut and carried on the tradition. In all, they said, there were about thirty Abominable Snowmen and Snowwomen in the valley.

"Why don't you leave?" I asked. "Why not live in the outside world?"

"Why?" Vanessa countered. "It's lovely here."

"Besides," Carl added. "Thackery did leave once."

"Who's Thackery?" I asked.

"One of the older Snowmen," he said. "He read about a place called Hoboken in a pamphlet he found in a crashed airplane and he wanted to visit it."

"Wonderful," I said. "Did he like it?"

"Not too much. He was mugged as soon as he arrived there, so he hurried back."

"Tch, tch," I said, sympathetically. "Was he wearing his Snowman suit?"

"No," Carl said. "Would it have made a difference?"

"Probably not," I admitted.

In the days that followed we fished, sang, slept, rested, played hide and seek, and cultivated the garden. Carl and Vanessa had to go out and make tracks for two hours every Monday and Wednesday, so we spent quite some time together.

"What about children?" I asked one fine afternoon. Carl blinked.

"We don't seem to have any," he said, puzzled. "I don't know where the future Snowmen will come from."

I blinked and looked across the table at him, and then at Vanessa. I felt a sneeze coming on.

"Kleenex?" I asked. Vanessa was reading.

"Help yourself," she said without looking up. I did, being careful not to obscure her view with my forearm. "About children," I murmured. "Have you tried?"

"We've looked everywhere," Carl said firmly. "I've searched every nook and cranny of this valley. There are none growing anywhere."

I stared at him. Then I grinned at him.

"Not a one," he said, frowning. I stared at Vanessa. She looked up, smiled wanly, and shrugged.

"That's true. Not a one. Not on trees, not on bushes, not in nests."

"But—" I said. Carl looked at me and Vanessa went back to her book.

"But—" Carl waited.

"I mean—" This was extremely difficult.

"You don't find children," I finally blurted out. "You have to make them."

"How?" Carl asked

I began lamely, "It's like a game." Carl frowned and Vanessa closed her book.

"Sex," I half-whispered. Carl's fist slammed the table and I cowered back in my chair.

"Oh no!" he said, shaking his head. "Not that game! The only thing I remember about Mom was that she told me not to have anything to do with sex."

"My Mom never told me that," Vanessa offered.

"As I remember your Mom, she wasn't particularly bright," Carl said. I thought this a poor choice of words but I held my tongue.

"At least my Mom laughed," my golden Snowwoman said. "She wasn't continually fighting with my Pop."

"Ha," Carl snapped. "What about that wrestling they used to do when they thought you weren't watching?"

"I don't call that fighting," Vanessa said thoughtfully. "They seemed to like it."

"Well, I'm having nothing to do with sex," Carl said with finality. "If it's a kind of game, I'll be accused of cheating, just like in every other game. No sirree!"

Vanessa got up, stretched, and smiled down at me.

"I'll have a go at it," she announced. "Teach me sex." My chair went over backwards and I hit my head a nasty crack on the floor.

"Damned if I'm going to stand around and watch," Carl said. I agreed with the old party-poopers one

hundred per cent and watched him stomp toward the door.

"You could go pick some edelweiss," Vanessa suggested.

"About a ton," I whispered. Carl left and Vanessa bent over me to examine my head. The game began. She took to it amazingly well. In fact for three days, she wanted to play nothing else. She went so far as to get a certain Marsha to take her Wednesday stint of making tracks on the snow slopes. In return for this, I had to teach Marsha the new game. Marsha was a wiry redhead with long legs and an ability to learn that was most refreshing. By Thursday I was unable to walk and barely capable of taking nourishment. Vanessa was extremely distressed.

"Did we wear it out?" she inquired tearfully.

"Please," I muttered.

"You will get well?"

"Yes," I told her. "I just need rest."

"What about our regular game?" she pouted.

"It will have to be postponed," I told her.

"Damn!" Her lower lip stuck out a mile. She thought for a little while.

"Is this going to happen every time we play a series of matches?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so," I admitted un-

happily. "Particularly if I have to play with Marsha too."

"But she won't make tracks for me if you don't," Vanessa complained. I didn't say so, but I was pleased. Marsha played with a different style than Vanessa and this kept the fun in it.

"Is there anything you can take for it?" Vanessa asked.

"For what?" I inquired.

"For your silly condition."

"Well—vitamin pills, I guess," I answered.

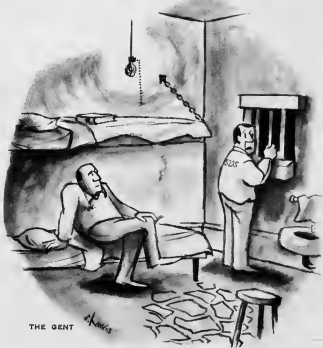
"Vitamin pills?" Vanessa muttered.

"We don't have anything like that in the valley. Do they have them in the outside world?"

"Certainly, but how can you get them?" I asked. Vanessa hauled me off the bed.

"I can't," she said, "but you can."

Argument availed me nothing. Vanessa was unwilling to settle for anything less than a first class opponent. I was too weak to resist, and I'll be damned if she didn't carry me right up to the pass and stuff me back into that lousy anorak I was wearing when we entered. I finally won one point by refusing to leave the valley without my boots, crampons and pants. Carl led me down the mountain. My team had long since left Nepal and I was a physical wreck by the time I reached what I must



"And if all this isn't bad enough, my car has been double parked outside for fourteen years!"

laughingly refer to as civilization.

Until now I've never told anyone about my affair with an Abominable Snowwoman. For one reason, I might have ended up in an institution. The second reason is that I wasn't particularly interested in having the little valley spoiled by a heavy influx of tourists. I purchased a giant supply of vitamins yesterday morning and the letter arrived yesterday afternoon. She sent it out with a Sherpa named Edgar, and Vanessa wrote that besides vitamins I should bring back some of that Metrecal she's been reading about. It seems that both she and Marsha have been gaining weight alarmingly and Marsha's mate is getting downright huffy about it.

I have decided that, unlike Mallory, I shall not return to Nepal. Metrecal can accomplish wonders but not miracles. Carl will probably have something nasty to say and Marsha's mate will positively spit; but learn they must. The race of Abominable Snowmen shall not perish from this earth. It is with no little amount of pride that I now release this document to the public. Just, for a little while, stay the hell away from Nepal.

BO BELINSKY

(continued from page 39)

all the way. There's no show biz in Minneapolis, for instance, and few night clubs in Des Moines. "Bright lights, hell," he said in Boston's Scollay Square. "The last bright light they had here was a lantern in the old North Church."

Of Baltimore, he caustically remarked, "I've seen livelier towns in Kansas on Sunday night." And Kansas City, he said, "If you're stuck there at sundown, hop a jet." Someone touted him onto a club there. "They said it was a swinging twist joint. It looked like the YMCA. I might as well have gone to a soccer meet."

No, Bo Belinsky has to make it fast and big this season; it's his second chance. He gambled his first on making it big, and lost. This go-round, there might not be another.

He's not all bluff and brag: he has something to offer a studio talent scout. He has youth, good looks, a sharp mind and a quick tongue. And most important, he has *chutzpah*. (This quality is best exemplified by the boy who shoots his parents and then pleads for mercy on the basis of being an orphan.)

Physically and sartorially, Bo looks like a street-corner sport who struck it rich. He's twenty-six, a bit over six feet tall, weighs in at around 185 pounds, stands matador slim and graceful. He's of Polish-Jewish extraction, very dark, with a full head of dark hair, dark, intense eyes, good features, but with a pool-room sawlow complexion. He dresses "sharp," in cashmeres and suedes, and sports a diamond ring. (He explains this affectation with the wry remark, "I keep it to hock in hard times.")

He has been likened to various movie stars, everybody from handsome Tony Curtis to moody Jimmy Dean to brash Phil Silvers. He talks like Marlon Brando, clipping off the ends of his words and running them together.

He speaks intelligently, but with a sailor's four-letter disregard for propriety and a hipster's jazz jargon. He's quick with repartee, often genuinely witty. His smile is thin, seldom and elusive, on a sad, brooding face.

He figures no one ever gave him a thing in his life; no one gave him so much as the time of day on his way up, and he sure as hell knows they won't on the way down. What's to be had, he'll grab for; it's been that way ever since he was a kid.

He was born on December 7th, 1936, in the Bronx, but moved to Trenton, N.J., when he was five. After his famous no-hit game last spring, he mocked the old home burg. He asked his Dad to "send me those yokel clippings. I want to get a laugh." As a leading-citizen-to-be there, he assiduously cut school, jazzed the janes, and fought so good on the street corners that (he claims) he was nicknamed after boxer Bobo Olson. ("It was shortened to Bo because it's easier to spell.")

He hung out in the local pool halls, showing promise of being nothing but a perennial loser, until a pro showed him the ropes. Then he became a winner on the green baize, and eventually a hustler. He's still murder with a stick.

He skipped baseball and such other social pastimes in high school. "I didn't jell with those dingy kids in school. You had to be a kook to play. I didn't dig that bit of being a gentleman, of rah-rah-rah sis-boom-bah for the old red-and-black. I just wasn't interested." (turn to page 76)



THE GENT

"We'd better not . . . it would only make us thirstier!"

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humor

CHUCK MIDDLESTADT

TV OR NOT TV, IT'S BETTER FOR THE CHANGE IN DIALOGUE.



"Only my hairdresser knows for sure."



"Yes, Governor . . . I accept my defeat graciously."



"You what? You have to go to the bathroom?"



"All I can say is, it's a damned stupid way to end a highway."



"Shore we're Kennedys . . . Kentucky Kennedys . . . and we intend to visit a spell here with cousin Jack and his brood. Why do you ask?"



"And you really think this man Chiang is smarter than Billie Sol Estes?"



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Belinsky did pitch some sandlot ball for a suntan and an occasional buck. Then a Pittsburgh Pirate scout made him an offer to turn pro. The bonus was pitifully small, but he took it, with the remark that, "It beats punching a time-clock in the Trenton potteries." He labored in the purlieus of the Pirates' farm system for longer than he cares to remember.

"I didn't care about the ballparks," he says now. "All I cared about was where the nightspots were, or if there were any. On account of this, some days I just didn't feel like pitching. I had no burning ambition."

Then Baltimore picked him up for a paltry \$500, but he was still stuck in the sticks, no nearer to the big bankroll he'd always envisioned. According to Bo, the only encouragement he ever heard from the club's resident genius, Paul Richards, was, "See you around sometime." Such

slights left Bo bitter. "Nobody ever taught me anything about pitching," he has been quoted as saying. "You ask who helped me the most? Nobody helped me the most."

He pitched so much night ball that he concocted a mixture of iodine and olive oil, to fake a suntan. Then, when he got an offer for winter ball in Venezuela a year and a half ago, he figured he could get a real tan—and some Latin love life as well. He says now that he merely wound up the Twist Champion of the locality. Not so; he was also the pitching champion. It was his first significant breakthrough. The newly-founded and already-desperate Los Angeles Angels gambled \$25,000 to buy him, inviting him to Palm Springs for pre-season drills.

Palm Springs. An oasis in the desert. This was more like it. But Bo didn't come cap in hand; he came late, all dolled up, looking most unlike a rookie.

He perched on the deck of a swimming pool to serenade the sunning, cocktail-sipping sportswriters with his song of sixpence. He didn't, he caroled, like the standard \$6,000 rookie contract. "They're using the iron hand and grinding me into the ground," he complained. Fred Haney, the club's general manager, wasn't living up to an agreement they'd reached on the phone. His own, dear mother, said Belinsky, was his witness. "All I want," he said dolorously, "is enough money so I don't have to pitch myself into a bag of bones winter and summer to make ends meet."

Threatened with demotion to the L. A. farm club in Honolulu, Bo paled not. "So, I get Waikiki and surfboards and all those foxes in grass skirts. Is that a bad scene?"

But, handed a no-nonsense plane ticket on the 5:10, Bo spurned it with, "Are they serious? What is this, a Western? The 3:10 to Yuma?" What am I, an outlaw who has to get out of town because I want a better contract?"

He was, he maintained, ready to win big, but he wouldn't sign until club co-owner Gene Autry had a talk with him. "He's show business," Bo grinned afterward. "He made a fortune out of horses. He's smart." Bo put on an Angel uniform, the cap almost visibly adorned with a halo. "This is the closest I'll ever come to heaven," he added.

Right from the start in Los Angeles, he was rare copy—knocking baseball, drooling at dames, popping punch-lines.

At first it looked like a short hayride. Although obviously talented in his field, Bo was a bust at spring training, and his smart-aleck ways dumfounded his bosses. He was offered back to Baltimore, which refused. Bo's brave front began to quiver. He forced himself to heed coach Marv Grissom's advice. The bosses liked that slight evidence of comedown—and Grissom's advice was good. Bo's style revamped, he began to win ball games.

He made it to Cinema City, fell in love with it, and determined to play the humble angle a while longer. He began to shower love on one and all. He praised his teammates. He begged each sportswriter to depict him as a modest and grateful young champ. "I'm not Whitey Ford . . . yet. Wait till the season's over, at least."

But for a while it almost seemed he was Whitey Ford. He was living in the Hilltop House Motel, had set up office at the House of Serfas (a popular local pub), and begun scouting Sunset Strip.

With his first pay check, he went looking for wheels. Turned down for a Thunderbird, maybe because he looked, as he put it, "like a guy who'd skip town," he found a publicity-minded Cadillac dealer who would stake him to a cherry-red convertible. "I figure, this is Hollywood. The cats got no respect for a guy who goes in hock small. Go in hock big. You'll look better." Bo began making his thirty-six monthly payments two at a time, explaining, "I got to get ahead, in case something happens I can't pitch in South America next winter. You never know when those clowns are gonna have a revolution."

Then came May 5th, and the big break, in a game against Baltimore.

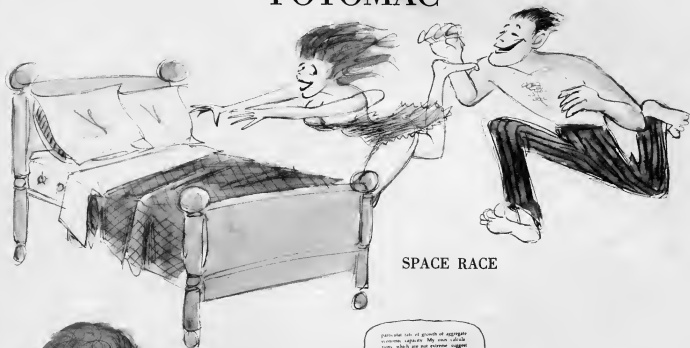
"Fantasy—Bo Pitches a No-Hitter," marveled an L. A. headline.

Suddenly he was a hero.

He came on strong. Good-looking, amusing, a real character and a real lover. "I'm no dingy prize," he told a writer. "But you know how the baseball Annies are. Let's face it—there's a lot of foxes in town. It could be a heavy scene." Obviously, he was looking forward to it. Later he admitted, "Between the car and the dollies, you got to have more goin' (turn to page 80)

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BO BELINSKY

(continued from page 76)

for you in this town than Jimmy Hoffa."

One night he had a taxi-driver officiate at a mock wedding ceremony in a Manhattan bar. But later he worried, "I hope the chick realized the preacher drives a hack." He was gradually gaining confidence in the art of spotlight-aiming. Set up for a publicity date with song starlet Ann-Margret, he predicted, "When she meets me, I guarantee you she won't want to sing 'Bye, Bye, Belinsky.'"

But, by now, the humble act was failing. Belinsky had his unofficial biographer, Bud Furillo, an L. A. sports-writer, fronting for him, and every magazine and newspaper wanted a story on the guy. Each of them had to go through Bud, now, to get to Bo, and not all the writers made it. "There's a thousand reporters want to speak to me," said the newly arrived great man. "I can't be bothered with the clowns from the sticks." Bo was obviously holding out for the big-circulation slicks. His sights were set: on show business.

He gave the brush-off to Frank Scott, agent for Mantle and Maris. "Mantle? Maris? Who're they? Scott got Mantle and Maris one movie. He should have got them ten. I'm not interested in a little bread. I want the whole loaf."

He employed celebrity lawyer Paul Caruso to steer him through offers from such glamour stables as MCA and the William Morris agency. When Walter Winchell came in from New York, Bo and he hit it off instantly. Suddenly Winchell had a new protegee, who asked only a role in *The Untouchables* — not necessarily the star's role, but . . .

One day last winter, Bo sat over a Serfas sundae, describing his dilemma. "I've had my knocks; I don't take anything for granted; I always look for the worst. Tomorrow I could be a bust again. But I'm willing to gamble. Like, I could make six, seven thousand dollars today by signing a contract. But hell, I can blow that much in a week. Right now, I've got a one-way contract with baseball, and I don't want another one. I don't want bit parts; I want star roles. I figure, if I can hold out a while, go good just a while longer, I'll have 'em where I want 'em, and can get the kind of contract they'll never be

able to dump, no matter how bad I go later."

Bo lost that gamble. Although knowledgeable baseball men are certain of his talent, his luck and his playing temporarily went sour. Maybe it was the night life, or the outside pressure. He lost some close games and complained he wasn't getting good support. He pulled a leg muscle, then complained the club made him pitch before he was sound again. He began to get knocked off the mound earlier and earlier.

When Eddie Fisher came home from his own debacle in Europe to a weepy *success fou* at the Coconut Grove in Hollywood, Winchell hosted a party. Belinsky was there, with Gloria Perry Eves, Bridget Whitaker and teammate Dean Chance. Later, the group took in a Beverly Hills shindig. They were touring the streets at 5:00 a.m. when Gloria and Bo differed over some technicality and she was allegedly invited to taxi the rest of the way home. By the time the cops parted the two, Gloria had a cut and blackened eye.

Bo and Dean were socked by the Angel management with \$250 fines. Bo shrugged, and continued on his rounds with Winchell, a gracious host and almost embarrassingly bubbly Boswell. His earlier chronicler, Bud Furillo, peevishly complained in his columns that Bo was neglecting him.

Then came more fracas with the fans. When he was bounced from a ball game, and booed from the stands, Bo responded with a classic gesture of left hand and right arm. He was loudly and publicly chastised by manager Bill Rigney and general manager Haney for this, for showing up late, and for various other vices. Haney called him "an alley cat" and warned, "He has to decide between Winchell and the ball club."

Meanwhile, the dolls were still flocking around. One even invaded the most sacred precincts of the Yankee Stadium. She not only took to the road with the ball club, but brought her girl friends around to the dressing room to meet Bo. Complained manager Rigney, "I'm sick and tired of getting to hotels and finding the girls waiting for him."

Countered Bo, "If I turned away from girls who throw themselves at me, the club would think I was a little lavender."

The ball club went on the road again, and Bo went on probation.

"Hope I may go cross-eyed," he vowed, "if I even look at a chick for the next three weeks." He denied publicized links with Icy Brooks, a Detroit model, and Zsa Zsa Gabor. He swore that between ball games he did nothing but hang out in the team's hotel, sleeping and watching TV. He chafed as though in a monastery—or in jail. "Am I Mickey Cohen or something?" he groused. "Everyone is torturing me with virtue. It's a drag, man." He complained that the other players were needing him, that he seemed to come and go among them as a stranger.

In May of last year, Haney said for quotation that he wouldn't take a half million dollars for Belinsky. By September the price had gone down considerably. Kansas City owner Charles Finley, who had already sold relief pitcher Dan Osinski to L. A., boasted that he was going to get Box-Office Belinsky in 1963 as part-payment.

Kansas City! Bo was staggered. He went back into print to charge the Angels with ingratitude. Not only

that, he said, but the team had promised to pay off the remaining dues on his Caddy, as a no-hit bonus, and hadn't. Retorted Haney, in a fury, "He's a liar! We promised him a raise to \$15,000—and gave it to him."

"They're dealing me under the table," insisted Bo.

Upshot was, baseball boss Ford Frick cancelled the deal. For the time being, Bo stayed with the Angels, but mourned, "I feel pretty uncomfortable, knowing they don't want me." He kept pitching through the season but, with no discernible luck at all, and precious little of his previous flash, finished at 10-11.

Still, many teammates insisted Bo had stand-out talent. Even Rigney seemed to hope he could straighten-out and hang onto his showpiece pitcher. "This kid could have a great future," he said, "if he ever really joined the ball club and got to be one of the boys." It was tactfully suggested that Bo attend a season's end party for the players, their wives and girl friends. Bo agreed to be one of

the boys. But he looked very unlike the standard ball-player—arriving with lustrous Mamie Van Doren.

During the past off-season Bo has held his peace, so to speak, and little was heard from him. He attended some public functions in the role of quasi-celebrity, he squirmed around some prize tomatoes, and he pursued his show business quasi-career—but as a bit player, not a star. He began to seem not quite as real as he had in the heyday of his publicity.

But he is real. He is as real as Mom and Apple Pie, as real as the Girl Next Door—if she happens to be Polly Adler—as real as splashy convertibles and dry martinis. And, as a new baseball season dawns, it is not the play on the field that excites the most interest, but Bo Belinsky playing the field.

The point is seven. The two ball in the side pocket. Will it be Beau, or just a joe named Bo?



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"I have never quite understood this sex symbol business, but if I'm going to be a symbol of something, I'd rather have it sex than some of the other things they've got symbols for."—Marilyn Monroe

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limited edition volume (which, in a sense, it is, since EROS is published in an edition of only 75,000 copies).

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